The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FERROTYPE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

O pictured face, so sadly, sweetly fair,
Madonna-veiled with wondrous lengths of hair;
With brow serene, and lips close sealed above
The hidden treasures of life's time for love,
Whence caught thine eyes their yearning, chastened look?
Hast thou e'er turned a page of Sorrow's book?
Art thou of those who with the Angel Pain
Walk hand in hand through life to Life again?
Or lies the shadow of another's woe
O'er the sweet fount whence thine affections flow?

That look may be prophetic. In some hour
When watching angels o'er thy sleep had power,
Their holy eyes, foreseeing coming years,
Mayhap discerned the "baptism of tears."
And as in pity closing round thy bed,
They paused and o'er thee bent each radiant head,
Some tender glance, with deep compassion fraught,
Thou, all-unconscious, in thy soul hast caught.

Nay! God forbid to either cause I trace
The mystic fascination of thy face,
Which holds me spell-bound, stranger as I am,
Before its shadows—fair and pure and calm.
A passing cloud had veiled the summer sky,
And for an instant dimmed thy sparkling eye—
Some vague remembrance of perchance a word,
Perchance a look had thy gay spirit stirred,
A whim, a fancy, or a breath of air
Swept thy white brow as with the wing of Care.

Lynn Wood.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SECOND FLY AT THE DOOR.

The tide came rippling up on the sea shore in gentle ridges of sparkling foam, with a monotonous, soothing murmur. The waves to-day showed themselves not; the air was densely still: but in the western sky little black clouds were rising, no bigger yet than a man's hand: and as the weather-wise old fisherman glanced to the spot, they foretold a storm.

Two people, pacing the beach side by side, regarded neither the sea nor the threatened storm. Need you be told who they were?—Arthur Bohun and Ellen Adair. What were the winds and the waves to them in their trance of happiness? Amidst the bitter misery that was soon to set in for both of them, the recollection of this short time spent at Eastsea, these few weeks since their love had been declared, and their marriage was approaching, would seem like an impossible dream.

The private marriage, consented to by Mrs. Cumberland, must not be confounded with a secret marriage. It was to be kept from the world in general: but not from every friend they possessed. Mrs. Cumberland intended to be present as Ellen's guardian; and she very much urged that some friend of Arthur's should also attend. He acquiesced, and fixed on Richard North. Captain Bohun purposed to tell his aunt, Miss Bohun, his true friend in every way; but not until the wedding was over: he would trust nobody beforehand, he said, save Mrs. Cumberland and Dick. Even Dick he did not trust yet. He commanded Dick's presence at Eastsea: telling him that his coming was imperative; that there must be no refusal. Finding Dick did not respond in any way, Arthur wrote again; but still only mysteriously. The first letter was the one put aside by Miss Matilda North, the second was the one opened by Madam.

But there were moments when, in spite of his happiness, Arthur Bohun had qualms of conscience for his precipitation; and the more especially did they press upon him immediately after the marriage was decided upon. For, after all, he really knew nothing, or as good as nothing, of Mr. Adair's position: and the proud Bohun blood bubbled up a little, as a thought crossed him that it was just possible he might find too late that, in point of family, here was not fit to have been mated with his.

The human heart is very treacherous: given over to self-deceit, and to much sophistry. So long as a thing is coveted, when it seems next door to unattainable, we see nothing but the desirability of gaining it, the advantages and happiness it must bring. But, let this great desire be attained, and lo! we veer round with a vengeance, and repent our haste. For instantly every reason and argument that could bear against it, true or false, rise up within us with mocking force, and we say, Oh that I had waited before doing this thing! It is that deceitful heart of ours that is in fault, nothing else; placing upon all things its own false coloring.

At first, as they sat together under cover of the rocks, or on the more open benches on the sands, or wandered to the walks inland and the pretty rural lanes, his conversation would turn on Mr. Adair. But Ellen seemed to know as little of her father as he did.

"It is strange you don't remember more of him, Ellen!" he suddenly said on one occasion when he was alone with her at Mrs. Cumberland's.

"Strange!—do you think so?" returned Ellen, turning round from the bay window where she was standing. "I was sent to Europe at eight years old, and children at that age so soon forget. I seem to recollect a gentleman in some kind of white coat, who cried over me and kissed me and said mamma was gone to live in heaven. His face was a pleasant one, and he had bright hair; something the color of yours."

She thought Arthur had alluded to personal remembrance. But he had not meant that.

"I remember another thing—that papa used to say I was just like my mother, and should grow up like her," resumed Ellen. "It seems ages ago. Perhaps when I see him I shall find that my memory has been giving me an ideal father; that he is quite different from what I have pictured."

"You know none of your Scotch relatives, Ellen?"

"None."

"Or in what locality they live?"

"No."

"Why *does* not Mr. Adair come home?"

"I don't know. He has been thinking of it for some years; and that's why he put me with Mrs. Cumberland instead of having me sent out to him. I am sure he must respect Mrs. Cumberland very much," added Ellen after a pause. "His letters prove it. And he often mentions her late husband as his dear friend and chaplain. I'll show you some of the letters if you like. Would you? I keep all papa's letters."

Arthur Bohun's face lighted up at the proposition.

"Yes," he said, with animation. "Yes. As many as you please."

She crossed the room to unlock her desk, took out three or four letters indiscriminately from a bundle lying there, and brought them to him. He detained the pretty hands as well as the letters, and took some impassioned kisses from the blushing face, turned up unconsciously to his. Sweeter kisses than Arthur Bohun would ever impress upon any other face in after life. Ellen had almost learned not to shrink from them in her maiden modesty: he vowed to her that it was now his best right and privilege.

But the letters told him nothing. They were evidently a gentleman's letters; but of the writer's position or family they said not a word. Arthur returned them with a half sigh: it was of no use, he thought, to disturb himself any more about the matter. After all, his own father and Mr. Adair had been close friends in India, and that was a kind of guarantee that all must be right. This decided, he delivered himself up to his ideal happiness; and the day of the wedding was finally fixed.

This afternoon, when they were pacing the beach, unseeing the little clouds rising in the west, was the marriage eve. It is the last day they need thus walk together as mere formal acquaintance, not daring to touch each other's hands in view of the public gaze, or to walk arm within arm: for at that little church whose spire is not a stone's-throw off, they will to-morrow be made man and wife. A strange light of happiness sits on Arthur Bohun's cheek, a stranger still is ever fluttering at his heart. The day and the hour are drawing very near to its realization: and not so much as a thought has crossed his mind that any untoward fate could arise to mar it.

Ah, but might not those dark clouds have read him a lesson? Just as the black trifling circlets out there might rise into an overwhelming storm, before which both man and beast must bow their heads, so might be rising, even then, some unseen threatening wave in the drama of his life. And it was so; though he suspected it not. Even now, as they walked, the clouds were growing bigger: just as was the unseen thunderstorm that would descend upon their lives and hearts. Suddenly, in turning to face the west, Arthur saw them. They were pretty big now.

"Look at those clouds, getting up! I hope the weather's not going to change for us to-morrow, Ellen. What does that mean?" he asked of a man who was doing something to his small boat, now high and dry upon the beach.

The sailor glanced indifferently to where the finger pointed.

"It means a storm, master."

"Shall we get it here, do you think?"

"Ah. Not till to-morrow, may be. I fancy we shall, though"—turning up his nose and seeming to sniff around, as if the storm were pervading the air. "I knowed there was going to be a change."

"How did you know it?"

"Us fishermen smells a storm afore it comes, master. My foot tells it me besides. I got him jammed once, and he have had the weather in him ever since."

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE, CEYLON.

There are about one thousand millions of immortal souls in the world. Of these, three hundred and thirty millions are Buddhists.

China is the great land of Buddhism; but about a million of these Buddhists live in Ceylon. Their temples stand in the most beautiful situations. Waving cocoa-nut palms, broad-leaved bread-fruit trees, flowing shrubs, with sweet-scented blossoms, surround the temple-court, and astonish the visitor by their loveliness. But enter the court and what a contrast? What do we see? A long, narrow room, with no light but what struggles in through the door, or sometimes arise from a few dim oil-lamps; a shelf running from end to end of it; a huge image of painted clay, more than forty feet long, lying stretched upon the shelf, with fixed, staring eyes, as if quite unconcerned with all things round about; and a heavy, oppressive smell of smoking lamps and dead flowers, that have been offered to the image.

"And you think it's going to be a change altogether?"

"Ah, that it be, master."

They walked on.

"That will be two untoward events for us," remarked Captain Bohun; but he spoke with a jesting smile, as if no untoward events could mar their security of happiness. "We want a third to complete it, don't we, Ellen?"

"What are the two?"

"This threatened bad weather for to-morrow's one; Dick's non-coming is the other. I am vexed at that."

For, on this same morning, Mrs. Cumberland had received a letter from her son. Amidst other items of news, Dr. Rane mentioned that Richard North was absent; it was supposed in Belgium, but nobody knew for certain. This explained Richard's silence to Captain Bohun, and put out the hope that Richard would be at the wedding. Dr. Rane also said another thing—which was anything but pleasant news; that beyond all doubt fever was breaking out at Dalloty, though it was not yet publicly known. The doctor added that he feared it would prove to be of a malignant type, and he felt glad his mother was away. Bessy was well, and sent her love.

"Will you rest a little before going in?"

They were passing the favorite old seat under the rocks, as Captain Bohun asked it. Ellen acquiesced, and they sat down. The black clouds came higher and higher; but, absorbed in their own plans, in their own happiness, had the heavens become altogether overshadowed it would have been to them as nothing. In a low voice they conversed together of the future; beginning with the morrow, ending they knew not where. Their visions were of the sweetest rose-color; they fully believed that bliss so great as their own had never been realized on earth. His arm was round Ellen as they sat, her hand lay in his, she could feel his warm breath on her cheek, her shoulder seemed to be resting against his heart. To all intents and purposes they seemed as entirely alone in this sheltered nook, as they could have been in the wilds of the desert. The beach was shingly; footsteps could not approach without being heard; had anybody passed, they would have been seen sitting with as decorous a space between them as though they had quarrelled: but the shore seemed deserted this afternoon.

The arrangement for the marriage was as follows: At half-past eleven o'clock, Arthur, Ellen, and Mrs. Cumberland would enter the little church by a private door—and the ceremony would take place. Richard North was to have been deputed to give her away, but that was over now. Arthur had the license; he had made a friend of the clergyman, and all would be done quietly. He and Ellen were to go away for a few days—she would then return to her home with Mrs. Cumberland, and be to the world still as Miss Adair. After that, Arthur would take his own time and be guided by circumstances for declaring the marriage: but he meant, if possible, to at once introduce Ellen to his aunt, Miss Bohun. And Ellen Adair? Not a scruple rested on her mind—not a doubt or a hesitation on her heart: her father had given his cordial approbation—as expressed in the letter to Mrs. Cumberland—and she was full of the sweetest peace.

"Did you feel that, Ellen?"

It was a faint, quivering breeze that seemed to pass over them with sharp quickness and to be dying away in a moan. Some white sails out at sea flapped a little, and the boats turned homewards.

"We had better be going, too, my love; or we may have it upon us."

She rose as he spoke, and they walked homewards. The sky was getting darker; the shades of evening were beginning to gather. Mrs. Cumberland had been lying down and was dressing, the maid said—if Captain Bohun would wait. Ellen took off her bonnet and mantle.

"While we are alone, let me see that I have not made a mistake in the size, Ellen."

Taking from his pocket a bit of tissue paper, he unfolded it and disclosed a wedding-ring. Ellen turned the color of fifteen peonies as he tried it on.

"I—thought," she timidly began amidst her blushes, "that you meant this to be my wedding-ring"—indicating the plain gold one she habitually wore on her right hand.

"No. Rane bought that one. This will be mine."

It was an exact fit. Captain Bohun had not allowed for the probability of those fragile fingers getting larger with years. As he held it on for a minute, their eyes met. Ellen suddenly recalled that long-past day in Dalloty church, when she had taken Maria Warne's ring to serve for Bessy North: she recalled the scene in the carriage afterwards, when Arthur Bohun put the other one on, and his sweet words. This was the third.

"If this should ever get too small for me?" she murmured as he took it off the finger.

"Oh, but that—if ever—won't be for ages and ages."

Not for ages, and ages! If they, in their innocent unconsciousness, could but have seen the cruel Fate that was already coiling its meshes around them!

The storm did not come that night. But, whether, in aggravation for the delay, it chose to expend itself with double violence, certain it was that such a one had seldom been seen at Eastsea as raged in the morning. The sky was lurid, angry, and black; the sea tossed itself; the wind howled; the rain came dashing down at intervals as if from so many buckets: all nature seemed at warfare.

In much distress lay Mrs. Cumberland. Exceedingly subject of late to outer influences, whether it might be this unusual storm that made her ill, she knew not, but she felt unable to rise from her bed. The hour for the marriage was drawing on. It had been fixed for a late one: half-past eleven. The clergyman had a funeral at half-past ten; and Mrs. Cumberland had said *she* could not be up and ready before that. At a little after eleven Arthur Bohun came up in the fly that was to convey them to church. Mrs. Cumberland sent to ask him to go up-stairs to her; and he found her in tears. A curious sight, she was so self-contained a woman.

"I cannot help it, Captain Bohun: indeed I cannot. Had not the marriage better be put off for a day? I may be better to-morrow."

"Certainly not," he answered. "Why should it? I am very sorry for Ellen's sake; she would have felt more comfortable at your being in church. But your presence is not essential to the ceremony, Mrs. Cumberland."

"Her father and mother were my dear friends. It seems as though I should fail in my duty if I were to allow her to go to church without me."

Arthur Bohun laughed. He would not hear a word—was it likely that he would? In less than an hour's time all responsibility in regard to Ellen would be transferred to him, he answered, for he should be her husband.

"The marriage will stand good, believe me, dear Mrs. Cumberland, though you do not witness it," were his last words as he went down stairs.

Ellen was ready. She wore an ordinary silk dress of light, quiet color, and a plain white bonnet: just as she might have walked out in at Eastsea. There was nothing, save her pale face and quivering lips, to denote that she was a bride. To have to go to church alone was very unpalatable, and she could with difficulty suppress her tears.

"My dearest love, I am more grieved at it for your sake than you can be," he whispered. "Take a little courage, Ellen; it will soon be over. Once you are my wife, I will strive to shelter you from all vexation."

But this illness of Mrs. Cumberland's made a hitch in the programme. For Arthur Bohun to go out with Mrs. Cumberland and Ellen in a fly, was nothing; he sometimes accompanied them in their drives: but to go out alone with Ellen, and in that storm, would have excited the curiosity of Ann and the other servants. Arthur Bohun rapidly decided to walk to church, braving the rain: Ellen must follow in the fly. There was no time to be lost. It was twenty minutes past eleven.

"Shall I put you in the carriage first Ellen?" he stayed to ask.

"No. I think you had better not."

"My darling, you *will come?*"

Did a doubt cross him, that he should say this? But she answered that she would: he saw she spoke sincerely. He wrung her hand and went out to the door.

Had the fly multiplied itself into two flies?—and were they squabbling for precedence? Certainly two were there: and the one wet driver was abusing the other wet driver for holding his place close before the door, and not allowing him to draw up to it.

"Arthur! Good heavens, how fortunate I am! Arthur Bohun! don't you see me?"

Every drop of blood in Arthur Bohun's veins seemed to stand still and turn to ice, as he recognized his mother's voice and his mother's face. Madam, driven hastily from the railway station, had come to bear him off in the body. That his wedding was over for that day, instinct told him: she would have gone and forbidden the banns. He stepped to her fly door.

In after-life, he never could recall clearly these next few minutes. Madam spoke of the telegram; she said—giving to matters her own coloring—that James Bohun was in extremity; that he only waited to see Arthur to die; that he was crying out for him: not a moment was to be lost. She had hastened to London on receipt of the telegram, and had now come down straight to fetch him.

"Step in, Arthur. We must catch the quarter-to-twelve train."

"I—I cannot go," he answered.

"Not go!" screamed Madam. "But I command you to go. Would you disobey the last sacred wishes of a dying man?"

Well, no; he felt that he could not do that.

"A quarter to twelve?" he said rather dreamily. "You must wait, Madam, while I speak to Mrs. Cumberland. There's plenty of time."

He went indoors with his tale, and up to Mrs. Cumberland, like one in a dream. He was forced to go, he bewailed, but not for

more than a day, when he should be back to complete the marriage. What could she answer? In her bewilderment she scarcely understood what had happened or what had not. Leaping down stairs again, he closed the door of the sitting-room upon himself and Ellen, and clasped her to his heart.

"My darling! But for this you would have been on your way to become my wife. Come what may, Ellen, I shall be down again within a few hours. God bless you, my love! Take care of these."

They were the ring and license: he handed them to her lest he might lose them. Before Ellen could recover herself, while yet her face was glowing with his farewell kisses, he was being rattled away in the fly with Madam to the station.

Crafty Madam! Waiting there in the fly at the door and making her observations, she had read what the signs meant almost as surely as though it had been told to her. The other fly waiting, and Ellen dressed; going out in it on that day of storm; Arthur out of mourning, and his nice attire covered over with a light over-coat—she guessed the truth (aided by the mysterious hint in the letter she had rifled) and believed full surely that it was nothing less than MARRIAGE she had interrupted. Not a word said she on the road to the station. The getting him away was a great victory gained: it would not do to risk the marring of it. But when they were in the train, and the whistle had sounded, and they were fairly off, then Madam spoke. They had the compartment to themselves.

"Arthur, you cannot deceive me; any attempt at it would be useless. You were about to marry Ellen Adair."

She spoke quietly, almost affectionately; when the bosom is beating with a horrible dread, calmness of manner obtains, more than passion. For a single moment there wavered in Arthur Bohun's mind a doubt of whether it should be avowal or evasion, but not for longer. As it had come to this, why he must take his standing. He raised his head proudly.

"Right, mother. I am going to wed Ellen Adair."

Madam's pulses began to beat nineteen to the dozen. Her head grew hot, her hands grew cold.

"You *were*, you mean, Arthur."

"Yes. Put it as you like. What was interrupted to-day, will be concluded to-morrow. As soon as I have seen James, I shall return to Eastsea."

"Arthur! Arthur Bohun! It must never be concluded. Never."

"Pardon me, mother. I am my own master."

"A Bohun may not wed shame and disgrace."

"Shame and disgrace cannot attach to *her*. Madam, I must beg you to remember that in a few hours that young lady will be my wife. Do not try my temper too sorely."

"No, not to her but to her father," panted Madam—and Arthur felt frightened, he knew not why, at her strong emotion. "Would you wed the daughter of a—a—"

Madam paused. Arthur looked at her; his compressed lips trembled just a little.

"Of a what, mother? Pray go on."

"Of everything that is bad. A forger. A convict."

There was a dead pause. Nothing to be heard but the whirling train. "A—what?" gasped Captain Bohun, when he could get his breath.

"A CONVICT," burst forth Madam in a scream; for her agitation was becoming irrepressible. "Why do you make me repeat painful things?"

"Mother! Of whom do you speak?"

"Of her father: William Adair."

He fell back in the carriage like one who is shot. As one from whom life and all that can make it sweet had suddenly gone out forever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PANIC.

The funerals were going about in Dallory. Dr. Rane's prognostications had proved correct: the fever was a real fever. It spread, and a panic set in.

As yet it had been confined to the poor. To those who for some months now had been living in squalor and despair and poverty. Some called it the famine fever; some relapsing fever; some typhus; but, whatever the name accorded to it, one thing was certain—that it was of a malignant and fatal type.

It possessed a rather singular feature: that it seemed to burst out all at once—in a single night. Before the doctors had well made themselves sure that anything of the kind was in the air, before most of the public had so much as heard of it, it came. The probability of course was that it had been for some days smouldering. On the afternoon that witnessed Madam's departure from Dallory Hall (after the receipt of the telegram and the reading of Dick's letter) there had not been one decided case: in the morning no less than seven cases had shown themselves. After that, it spread rapidly.

Madam remained away. James Bohun was dead, and she stayed with Sir Nash. Matilda North, taking French leave, went up there to join her without an invitation: she did not care to stay amidst the sickness. So the master of Dallory Hall was alone, and enjoyed his liberty as much as trouble had left him capable of.

A week or ten days had passed on now since the outbreak, and the funerals were going about Dallory. The two medical men, Dr. Rane and Mr. Seeley, were worked nearly off their legs. The panic that had set in was at its height. Dallory had been an exceptionally healthy place: people were unused to this state of things, and got frightened. Some of the better families took flight; for the sea-side, or elsewhere. The long continued distress, resulting on the strike, had pre-disposed the poorer classes for it. It was they whom it chiefly attacked, but there were now two or three cases amid their betters. This was no time for the medical men to speculate whether they should or should not be paid; they put all such considerations aside, and gave the poor sufferers their best care. Dr. Rane in particular was tenderly assiduous with his patients. In spite of that fatal letter and the mistake—nay, the sin it involved, he was a humane-natured man. Were he a successful practitioner, making his hundreds a year, or his thousands, as might be, he would be one of the first and readiest to give away largely of his time and skill to any who could not well afford to pay him.

The last person whom the fever had attacked was one of the brothers Hepburn of Dallory, undertakers, carpenters and coffin-makers. Both of them were sickly men; but exceedingly steady and respectable. The younger brother, Henry, was the one seized: it was universally assumed that he caught it in the discharge of certain of the duties of his calling, and the supposition did not tend to decrease the public panic. Dr. Rane thought him a bad subject for the illness, and did all he could.

Bessy Rane stood in her kitchen, making an apple pudding. It is rather a sudden transition of subject, from sickness to puddings, but only in accordance with existing life. Whatever calamity may be decimating society abroad, the domestic routine of daily existence goes on at home in just its ordinary course. Molly Green was pudding-maker in general; but Molly was hastening over her other work that day, for she had obtained leave to go home in the evening to see her mother: a woman who had been ailing for years with chronic sickness, and lived at Whitborough. So Bessy this morning took upon herself the pudding.

Mrs. Rane stood at the table; a brown holland apron tied over her light morning gown, her sleeves turned up to the middle of her arms above her wrists. Hands and wrists and arms were alike pretty. The apples lay in a basin ready pared, and she was rolling out the crust. Ever and anon she glanced at the kitchen clock. Her husband had been called out at early morning, four o'clock, and she was getting a little anxious. Now it was close upon eleven. It cannot be said that Bessy was afraid of the fever for him; she shared in the popular belief that medical men are generally exempt from infection; but she was always glad to see him come home safe and well.

His latch-key was heard in the door while she was thinking of him. Dr. Rane went straight up-stairs to the unused top-room changed his clothes, and washed his hands and face—a precaution he always took when he had been with fever patients. Bessy put the kitchen door open, that he might see where she was when he came down.

"Pudding-making, Bessy!" he cried, looking in. "Why don't you let Molly do that?"

"Molly's busy. She wants to go home this evening, Oliver, as soon as we can spare her, and not come back until to-morrow night. She had a letter this morning to say her mother has at last taken to her bed, and the doctor thinks her very ill. I have given her leave to go."

"But how shall you manage without her?"

"I shall have old Phillis in. Molly has been to her, and she says she'll be glad to come."

Dr. Rane said no more. It was quite the same to him whether Molly or Phillis did what was wanted. When men are much harrassed in spirit, they cannot concern themselves with petty details.

"I was thinking, Oliver, that—if you don't mind—as we can have Phillis, I would leave it to Molly whether to come back to-morrow night, or not. If her mother is really growing worse, the girl may like to stay a day longer with her."

"My dear, do just as you like about it," was the doctor's rather impatient answer.

"Your breakfast shall be ready in a moment, Oliver."

"I have taken breakfast. It was between eight and nine before I could get away from Ketlar's, and I went and begged some of Mrs. Goss. After that, I went round to the patients."

Bessy was putting the crust into the buttered basin. She lifted her hands and turned in some dismay.

"Surely, Oliver, they have not got the fever at Ketlar's!"

Dr. Rane slightly laughed. "Not the fever, Bessy: something else. The baby. It was Ketlar who called me up this morning."

"Oh dear," said Bessy, going on with her pudding. "I thought that poor baby was not expected for a month or two. How will they manage to keep it? It seems to me that the less food there is for them, the quicker the babies come."

"That's generally the case," observed Dr. Rane.

"Is the mother well?"

"Tolerably so."

"And—how are other things going on, Oliver?"

He knew, by the tone of her voice, that she meant the fever. Bessy never spoke of that without a kind of timidity.

"Neither worse nor better. It's very bad still."

"And fatal?"

"Yes, and fatal. Henry Hepburn's in danger."

"But he'll get over it?" rejoined Bessy quickly.

"I don't think so. His brother will have it next if he does not mind. He is as nervous over it as he can be. I am off now, Bessy, up the Ham."

"You will be in to dinner?"

"Before that, I hope."

Bessy settled to her pudding again, and the doctor departed. Not into danger this time, for the fever had not yet shown itself in Dallory Ham. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when the door-bell rang, and Molly went to answer it. Mrs. Rane, her hands all flour, peeped from the kitchen, and saw Mr. North.

"Oh papa! How glad I am to see you! Do you mind coming in here?"

Mind! Mr. North felt far more at home in Bessy's kitchen than in his wife's grand drawing-room. He had brought a small open basket of most lovely hot house flowers for Bessy. He put it on the table, and sat down on one of the wooden chairs in peace and comfort. Richard had not returned, and he was still alone.

"Go on with your pudding, my dear. Don't mind me. I like to see it."

"It is all but done, papa. Molly will tie it up. Oh, these beautiful flowers!" she added, bending her face down to them. "How kind of you to think of me!"

"I'm going up to Ham Court about some seeds, child: the walk will do me good, this nice day. I feel stronger and better, Bessy, than I did."

"I am so glad of that, papa."

"And so I thought—as I was intending to call in here—that I'd cut a few blossoms, and bring with me. How's the fever getting on, Bessy?"

"It is not any better, I am afraid, papa."

"So I hear. They say that Henry Hepburn's dying."

Bessy felt startled. "Oh, I trust not! Though I think—I fear—Oliver has not very much hope of him."

"Well, I've heard it. And I came here, Bessy, to ask if you would not like to come to the Hall for a week or two. It might be safer for you. Are you at all afraid of catching it, child?"

"N—o," answered Bessy. But it was spoken dubiously, and Mr. North looked at her.

"Your husband has to be amongst it pretty well every hour of his life, and I can but think there must be some risk for you. You had better come to the Hall."

"Oliver is very particular to change his clothes when he comes in; but still I know there must of course be some little risk," she said. "I try to be quite brave, and not think of it, papa: and I have a great piece of camphor inside here"—touching the bosom of her dress—"at which Oliver laughs."

"Which is as good as confessing that you are nervous about it, Bessy," said Mr. North.

"Not much, papa. A doctor's wife, you know, must not have fancies."

"Well, you come up to the Hall to-day, Bessy. It will be a change for you, and pleasant for me, now I'm all alone; it'll be like some of the old days come back again, you and me together. As to Oliver, I dare say he'll be glad to have the house to himself a bit, while he is so busy."

Bessy, wiping the flour off her hands on a towel, consented. In point of fact, her husband had proposed, some days back, that she should go away: and she did feel half afraid of taking the fever through him.

"But it cannot be until to-morrow, papa," she said, as Mr. North rose to depart, and she accompanied him to the door, explaining that Molly was going home. "I should not like to leave Oliver alone in the house for the night. Phillis will be here to-morrow: she can stay and sleep, should Molly Green not return."

"Very well," said Mr. North.

It was left at this. Bessy opened the door for her father, and watched him on his way up the Ham.

Dr. Rane came back to dinner; and found his patients allowed him an hour's peace to eat it in. Bessy informed him of the arrangement she had made; and that he was to be a bachelor from the morrow for an indefinite period. The doctor laughed, making a jest of it: but nevertheless he glanced keenly from under his eyelids at his wife.

"Bessy! I do believe you are afraid!"

"No, not exactly," was her answer. "I don't think 'afraid' is the right word. It is just this, Oliver: I do not get nervous over it; but I cannot help remembering rather often that you may bring it home to me."

"Then, my dear, go by all means where you will be out of harm's way, so far as I am concerned."

Dinner over, Dr. Rane hastened out again, on his way to see Mrs. Ketlar. He had just reached that bench in the shady part of the road, at the nook of the Ham, when he saw Jelly coming along. The doctor only wished there was some convenient shelter to dart into, by which he might avoid her. Ever since the night when he had heard that agreeable conversation as he sat under the cedar-tree, Jelly's keen, green eyes had been worse to him than poison. She stopped when she met him.

"So that child of Susan Ketlar's is come, sir!"

"Ay," said Dr. Rane.

"What in the world brings it here now?"

"Well, I don't know," returned the doctor. "Children often come without giving their friends due notice. I am on my way thither."

"And not as much as a bedgown to wrap it in," resentfully went on Jelly, "and not a bit o' tea or oatmeal in the place for her! My faith! baby after baby coming into the world all round, and the men out on strike! This makes seven—if they'd all been alive: she'll be contented perhaps when she's got seventeen."

"It is the way of the world, Jelly. Set up the children first, and consider what to do with them afterwards."

"What's this that's the matter with Tim Wilks, sir?" demanded Jelly, abruptly changing the subject.

"With Tim Wilks! I did not know that anything was the matter with him."

"Yes, there is," said Jelly. "I met old Green just now, and he said Timothy Wilks was in bed, ill. They thought it might be a bilious attack, if it was not the fever."

"I'll call in and see him," said Dr. Rane. "Has he been drinking again?"

Jelly's eyes flashed with resentment. Considering that Tim had really kept sober and steady for the past year and half, she looked on the question as a frightful aspersion. And the more especially so as proceeding from Dr. Rane.

"I can answer for it that he has not been drinking—and so, as I supposed, might everybody else. Timothy Wilks is worried, sir: that's what it is. He has never been at ease since people accused him of writing that anonymous letter; and he never will be till he is publicly cleared of it. Sir, I think he ought to be."

Was it an ice-bolt that seemed to shoot through Oliver Rane's heart?—or only a spasm? Something took it; though he managed to keep his countenance, and to speak with calm indifference.

"Cleared? Cleared of what? I fancied it had been ascertained that Wilks was the man who spoke of the affair out of Dale's office. He can't clear himself from that. As to any other suspicion, no one has cast it on him."

"Well, sir—of course *you know best*," answered Jelly, recollecting herself and cooling down; but she could not help giving the words an emphasis. "If Tim should become dangerously ill, it might have to be done to set his mind at rest."

"What might have to be done?" demanded Dr. Rane with authority.

And Jelly did not dare to answer the direct question. She could boast and talk in her gossiping way so long as she felt safe, but when it came to anything like proving her words, she was a very coward. Dr. Rane was looking at her, waiting for her to speak, his manner uncompromising, his countenance stern.

"Oh well, sir, I'm sure I don't know at all," she said, her tongue feeling as if it had dried up. "And I'm sure I hope poor Tim has not got the fever."

"I'll call and see him," repeated Dr. Rane, proceeding on his way. Jelly curtsied and went on hers.

When beyond her view, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, damp as with the dews of death. He must, he *must* get away from Jelly and Dallory! But for having a wife on his hands, he might have felt tempted to make a hasty flitting to America and join Dr. Jones. Join Dr. Jones? But where was the wherewithal to do it? He had it not. His thoughts turned, as they ever did on these occasions, to that money of his locked up in Tontine. *Of his;* that was how Dr. Rane had got to regard it. That money would bring him salvation. If he could but obtain it—

A bow from some white-haired old gentleman, passing in a carriage. Dr. Rane returned it, the singular coincidence of his appearance at that moment flashing through his mind. For it was Sir Thomas Ticknell. Yes: it truly seemed to him that that Tontine money would be nothing less than salvation. He went on with a great fear and pain in his throbbing heart, wondering for how long or short a time Jelly would hold her counsel.

The next morning was Thursday. It brought news that nearly struck people dumb: Henry Hepburn, the undertaker, was dead, and Mrs. Rane had been seized with the fever. Dr. Rane said his wife was very restless all night; he gave her a composing draught, which seemed to do good for the time; but upon attempting to get up she was attacked with nausea and faintness, and had to go back to bed. The symptoms that subsequently set in he feared were those of the fever.

It was an awkward time for Bessy to be ill, as Molly Green had gone home: but Phillis, an excellent substitute, was there. She attended on Mrs. Rane, and the doctor went abroad to his patients. Mr. North, disappointed at Bessy's non-arrival, hearing of her indisposition, came to the house; but Bessy sent down an urgent message by Phillis, begging him not to run into any danger by coming up to her chamber. And Mr. North docile and obedient—as Madam in her imperiousness had trained him to be—left his best love, and went back home again.

In the course of the morning Dr. Rane called in at Hepburn's. It was a kind of double shop and double house: in the one were sold articles of furniture, in the other the carpenter's work was carried on. Thomas Hepburn and his family lived in the first; Henry, now dead, had occupied the last. He was a married man, but had no children. When Dr. Rane entered the second shop, he did not at first see Thomas Hepburn; the two shutters up at the window made the place dark, after coming in from the bright sunshine. Thomas Hepburn saw him, however, and came forward from the workshop behind, where he had been looking on at his men. Various articles seemed to be in the course of active construction, coffins amidst the rest.

"I am very sorry for this loss, Hepburn," began the doctor.

"Well, sir, I've not had any hope from the first," sighed Hepburn, his face looking careworn and unusually sickly in the semi-light. "I don't think poor Henry had."

"The fact is, Hepburn, he had not strength to carry him through the disorder; it did not attack him lightly. I did all I could."

"Yes, sir, I'm sure of that," returned Hepburn—and what with his naturally weak voice, and the hammering that was going on behind, Dr. Rane had to listen with all his ears to catch the words. "We've been an ailing family always: liable to take disorders too, more than others."

Dr. Rane made no reply for the moment. He was regarding the speaker. Something in his aspect imparted the suspicion that the man was in actual present fear.

"You must keep up a good heart, you know, Hepburn."

"I'd rather go a hundred miles, sir, than do what I've got to do just now amid the dead," said Hepburn, glancing round. "*That's* how my brother took it."

"Let a workman go instead of you."

The undertaker shook his head. "One *has* to go with me; and the other is just as afraid as afraid can be. No, I must go on myself. There'll be double work for me, now Henry's gone."

"Well, Hepburn, I begin to think the fever is on the turn," said the doctor, cheerily, as he walked away.

The day wore on. Mrs. Rane's symptoms were decidedly those of fever, and the doctor went all the way to Whitborough himself (not far in actual distance, only that he could not well spare the time) to tell Molly Green she was to keep where she was, out of harm's way, and not return until sent for. When he got back home, his wife was worse. Phillis met him at the door, and said her poor mistress's face was scarlet, and she rolled her head from side to side. Phillis wanted to stay the night, but the doctor would not have it: there was no necessity, he said, and she had better not be longer in the infection than could be helped. So Phillis went away at ten o'clock.

Between eleven and twelve, just as Mr. Seeley was preparing for rest, Dr. Rane came in and asked him to go over to see his wife. The surgeon went at once. Bessy was lying in bed in her comfortable chamber, just as Phillis had described—her face scarlet, her head turning uneasily on the pillow. A candle stood on the table, dimly lighting the room; Mr. Seeley took it close to inspect her face; but Bessy put up her hand and turned her head away, as if the light hurt her.

"She seems slightly delirious," whispered Mr. Seeley apart, and Dr. Rane nodded. After that, the two doctors talked together a little on the stairs, and Mr. Seeley went away, saying he would come again in the morning.

In the morning, however, Dr. Rane went over to tell him that his wife, after a most restless night, had dropped into a quiet doze, and had better not be disturbed. He felt sure she was better. This was Friday.

Phillis arrived betimes. She found a wet sheet flapping in the gray ante-room, just outside the bed-chamber door, which Dr. Rane had saturated with disinfecting liquid. Jars of disinfectants stood on the wide landing, on the staircase, and in other parts of the house. Phillis had no fear, and went in behind the flapping sheet. She could make nothing of Mrs. Rane. Instead of the scarlet face and restless head, she now lay buried in her pillow, still and pale, and intensely quiet. Phillis offered her some tea; Mrs. Rane just opened her eyes, and feebly motioned it away with her hand, just as she had motioned away the light the previous night. "It's a sudden change," thought Phillis. "I don't like it."

Later in the morning, Dr. Rane brought up Mr. Seeley. She lay in exactly the same position, deep in the pillow. What with that, and what with the large night-cap, the surgeon could get to see very little of her face.

"Don't disturb me," she faintly said, when he would have aroused her sufficiently to get a good look. "I am easy now."

"Do you know me?" questioned Mr. Seeley, bending over her.

"Yes," she answered, opening her eyes for a moment. "Let me sleep; I shall be better to-morrow."

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Only tired. Let me sleep."

"Bessy," said her husband, in the persuasive voice he used to the sick, "won't you just turn to Mr. Seeley?"

"To-morrow. I want to go to sleep."

And so they did not disturb her further. After all, sleep does wonders—as Dr. Rane remarked.

It might have been that Mr. Seeley went away somewhat puzzled, scarcely thinking that the fever had been on her sufficiently long to leave this kind of exhaustion.

As the day grew older, a rumor was whispered that Mrs. Rane was dying. Whence it arose none could trace: unless from a word or two dropped by Dr. Rane himself to Thomas Hepburn. They happened to meet in the street, and the undertaker stopped to inquire after Mrs. Rane. She was in a most critical state, was the doctor's answer: the night would decide it, one way or the other.

Phillis went up to her mistress several times. Dr. Rane kept the hanging sheet well saturated, and flapped it often. Mrs. Rane never seemed to rouse herself throughout the day: seemed in fact, to sleep through it. Phillis began to hope that it was indeed comfortable, refreshing sleep, and that she would awake better.

"You'll let me stay here to-night, master?" she said, when there was nothing more to do, as Dr. Rane—who had been out—came in, and passed by the kitchen.

"No need," he answered in his decisive manner. "Be here the first thing in the morning."

Phillis put on her shawl and bonnet, wished him good-night and departed. It was about ten o'clock. Dr. Rane saw her out and went up to the sick chamber. In less than five minutes he came down again with a white face, opened the front door, and strode across the road to Mr. Seeley's. The latter was in his surgery, in the act of pouring some medicine into a small phial.

"Seeley! Seeley! My wife is gone!"

What with the suddenness of the interruption, and what with the words, the surgeon was so startled that he dropped the bottle.

"Gone!" he cried. "Do you mean—*dead?*"

"I do."

"Why—when I saw you at dusk, you told me she was sleeping comfortably!" said the surgeon, staring at Dr. Rane. "Phillis also said it."

"And so she was. She was to all appearance. Heaven is my witness that I thought and believed the sleep then to be natural; that it was refreshing her. She must have died in it. I went up now, and found her—found her—getting cold. She must have been dead more than an hour."

Oliver Rane put his arms on Mr. Seeley's counter and bent his face on them to hide his emotion. The surgeon, in the midst of his surprise, had hardly ever felt so sorry for any one, as he felt in that moment for his brother practitioner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

WAR.

The town of St. Avoid, having failed on account of its total exhaustion to furnish the rations, forage and money demanded by the Prussians, was given up to pillage for one hour.

Thus if the people do not strip themselves of all their goods to feed the conqueror, he gives them up to pillage. Such is war—infernal war—as practised by those who call themselves Christians, and profess to hold in the highest veneration the Sermon on the Mount, and the other pacific teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

These remarks are not levelled especially at the Prussians—we suppose the French, once in Germany, would do the same.

☞ "Harper's Weekly" is respectfully requested to give credit to "THE LADY'S FRIEND," for the story of "The First Theft and the Last," published in a late number. We commend the taste of the editor of "Harper's" in his frequent selections of stories from "THE LADY'S FRIEND," but he seems to have acquired an unfortunate habit of never giving credit.

RAILWAY MONSTERS.

The tendency of the large Railway corporations to absorb the small ones, and to unite with each other, is creating considerable alarm in the minds of thoughtful men. The large Railroads are becoming so wealthy, powerful, and unscrupulous, that it is asserted that they purchase alike Legislatures and Judges. Some say that Pennsylvania is, at present, as much in the pocket of the Pennsylvania Central, and New York in the pocket of the New York Central, as New Jersey ever was in the pocket of the Camden and Amboy. And now we see it rumored that Vanderbilt and Fisk have come together, somewhat like Pilate and Herod, and are planning the consolidation of the New York Central and the Erie Roads; while the Pennsylvania Central, it is alleged, is threatening, anaconda like, to swallow the Camden and Amboy.

The Constitution recently adopted in Illinois, among other excellent provisions, forbids all such consolidations of competing lines, as being opposed to the public interests.

The main object of chartering Railroad Corporations, with unusual powers, authorising them at their pleasure to run their roads through any man's valuable farm, his dear old homestead, or even his private dwelling, *is the public good.* On any other plea, such privileges would be indefensible. But these corporations are too apt to forget this, and think they may act in all things with an entire regard to their own selfish interests.

The question may some day arise whether it would not be well for the States to follow the recent example of England in relation to the Telegraph, and take possession of all the main Railroad Lines—allowing the Companies of course a reasonable compensation—and manage them by Commissions, such as now manage Fairmount Park in this city, and the Central Park in New York, which Commissions, so far, seem to have worked very well.

As to the Pacific Railroad, which the Government ought to have built in the first place, under the superintendence of the chief engineers and other officers of the Army, and which it has already largely paid for, the reasons for taking possession of it would seem to be very weighty indeed.

Of course we have not given this subject such an amount of consideration as would justify us in advocating at present the taking possession of these principal Roads, at a reasonable rate of compensation to the present holders, but we merely allude to this as to a possible solution of what seems to loom up in the future as a very troublesome and embarrassing question, menacing some of the dearest interests of the Republic.

PHILADELPHIA ABROAD.

It makes us very doubtful of the strange accounts we so often get of foreign nations, to see what equally strange stories foreigners tell about us. For instance, a Paris correspondent of "Lippincott's Magazine" (a Philadelphian) says:

The *Figaro* treated its readers the other day to the following choice little anecdote respecting one of our Philadelphia actors, and the story depicts so accurately the lawless habits and savage nature of the inhabitants of our city, that I cannot refrain from reproducing it. It appears that a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, Mr. X——, was violently in love with a young actress attached to one of our theatres, but she preferred Charles Keown, the leading actor of the same troupe, and repulsed with scorn the advances of Mr. X——. The latter was present one evening at the theatre when the actress was performing in a tender love-scene with Charles Keown. The jealous feelings of the merchant could no longer be restrained. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he pointed it full at his rival and fired, but the shot missed its mark, and passing through one of the scenes, wounded a machinist who happened to be standing behind it. "In Paris," continued the *Figaro*, "such an event would have put a stop to the performance, but in Philadelphia it was not even remarked, and Mr. X—— withdrew unhindered, saying calmly, 'I have missed him!'"

What a beautiful picture that presents of the state of society in our good "city of brotherly love!" "I have missed him"—and withdraws unmolested. We are not quite so ruffianly as that, Mr. Figaro. The citizens present would not have waited for the police to arrest a man so dangerously handy with his pistol.

Perhaps this is about equal to the common idea we have in America that the French "have no homes." We notice that Mark Twain says in his "Innocents Abroad," "The French have no name for home, have they not? Well, when they have the thing in such perfection, they can well afford to dispense with the name."

And this latter is about on a par with the English notion that everybody in America lives in a hotel—when probably not more than about one person in a thousand does.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The news this week has amounted to very little. There have been about twenty columns of telegrams in the daily papers, which, when boiled down and all the watery particles driven *off*, leave about a two-line paragraph of solid matter, as follows:—

The Prussians seem yet to have the advantage, and are advancing slowly on Paris.

☞ One of our poets of THE POST had a narrow escape recently, the printers would have made her say, "the *red*, sweet eyes," instead of "the *sad*, sweet eyes." Of course red eyes are a sign of sadness, even unto much weeping, but still it would not have read very well in poetry.

NOTHING LIKE BEING EXACT.—The New York World says:—

It is understood that a new French army of 150,000 veteran troops is forming at Lyons, and that if the Prussians are defeated their reserves do not exceed 300,000 men.

Is the *World* certain that the number of the Prussian reserves is not 300,007 men? It should be as exact in the case of the Prussians as the French.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, ITS CAUSES, CHARACTER, CONDUCT, AND RESULTS." By Hon. A. H. STEPHENS. In the first volume of his work Mr. Stephens confined himself entirely to a discussion of the causes which led to the secession of the South. In the volume now before us, he narrates the story of the War, giving especial emphasis to the action of the government of the Confederacy, or to what may be called its confidential history. His account of the important conference at Hampton Roads between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners, is one of the most valuable additions to the literature of the War. The vexed question of the non-exchange of Prisoners of War has much new light shed upon it, and the peace movements in the South are thoroughly explained. The fact that the first volume, which was but the introduction to the history of the War, is said to have commanded a sale of over sixty thousand copies, warrants the assertion that this volume, which is not a mere discussion of principles, but a living, breathing narrative of the events of the greatest struggle of modern times, by one of the most important actors in it, will reach even a larger sale. It is the *official* history on the Southern side, and must hold in the literature of the War a very high place Published by the National Publishing Company, Philada.

THE PRINCES OF ART: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. URBINO. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is a book which all youthful lovers of art will enjoy. Besides sketches of the lives of the most celebrated masters of Modern Europe, such as Murillo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, etc; it contains a good deal of interesting information about the old painters and sculptors of ancient Greece—mostly in the shape of anecdotes illustrating, their habits and manner of working. The volume is neatly bound, and illustrated with portraits.

BEAR AND FORBEAR; OR, THE YOUNG SKIPPER OF LAKE UCAYGA. By OLIVER OPTIC. One of the Lake Shore Series. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, 49 Green St., New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut St., Philada. It is almost needless to speak of the popularity of Oliver Optic's books. There is hardly any author whose works are better liked by the young folks.

THE HARD-SCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND. By ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "Lion Ben of Elm Island," "Charlie Bell of Elm Island," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Chestnut St., Philada. This is one of the Elm Island Stories. The illustrations are excellent; and the volume appears to be very interesting in its reading matter.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for September, contains an article on the "English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne;" a biographical sketch of Charles Albert Feebter, by Miss Kate Field; "A Virginian in New England Thirty-five years ago," by James Russell Lowell; "Little Bon," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Mountain Sonnets," by Lucy Larcom; "A Handful of Translations," by Longfellow; the continuation of Bayard Taylor's story, "Joseph and his Friend;" and other valuable articles and poems. Bayard Taylor's story grows tragical in this number—some good judges consider this the best novel Mr. Taylor has written. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

APPLETONS' Journal, Monthly Part for August. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The steel plate entitled "Ossipee Valley, New Hampshire," from a painting by W. L. Sontag, N. A., is beautifully executed.

☞ The French national loan of one thousand million francs, was taken up in less than forty-eight hours. This result greatly inspirits the Parisians.

☞ After an excited debate, the French Corps Legislatif voted down Deputy Kenatry's proposition for a Committee of Defence—206 to 41. This is a vote of confidence in the existing ministry.

☞ At a ball given by the first Napoleon, a lady made a reply to the Emperor, at once *spirituelle* and affecting. Napoleon did not, in general, like any one to have a large fortune independent of his gifts. He had never before seen Madame Cardou—her name even was unknown to him; but he had been told that her husband possessed great wealth. Advancing towards her, somewhat out of humor, he bluntly exclaimed: "You are Madame Cardou?" A profound courtesy replied to that question. The emperor again spoke: "You are very rich?" "Yes, sire; I have ten children." The emperor was sensible of all the *finesse* and charm of this answer; he said no more, but hastened away.

☞ About four hundred American officers, the larger portion of whom were in the Confederate service during the war, are now attached to the Khedive's army in Egypt.

☞ A colored man recently applied to a prominent gentleman residing on Fifth Avenue for a letter of recommendation, by means of which he hoped to obtain a situation. The man being well known to the gentleman in question, the testimonial was readily given. It was even more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and that worthy, on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. ——, won't you give me something to do yourself on that recommendation?"

☞ The coming hat for young ladies is said to be high colored plush, high crown, trimmed with bands of velvet of a darker shade, and a plume, of course.

☞ THE MORMON GRAND ORGAN.—The most magnificent specimen of architecture, industry and beauty that we saw is the great organ in the Tabernacle, forty-eight feet high, of red pine, carved and stained. Its notes are sweeter than those of the great organ in Boston, though it is a little less powerful. Every portion of it, save a few of the smallest pipes, is the work of a Mormon, and was produced in Salt Lake Valley.

The Sense of Smell.

Though ranking behind sight and hearing, smell also is a faculty with spiritual relations. These are manifested in various ways. Perhaps one of the most interesting is the strange power which sensations of odor have of awakening memory, and recalling with extraordinary vividness long past and forgotten scenes. Tennyson refers to this power in his "Dream of Fair Women:"

"The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

And very many of us, who are not poets, have had the days of childhood in all their innocence flashed back upon us with the freshness of reality by some sudden odor, which has brought at once tears to our eyes and purer thoughts to our hearts.

Whether it was from associations of this kind, or from some feelings connected with odors that the distractions of later days have lost us perhaps we cannot now discover, but that the early world felt a sacredness in odors, of which we have lost the consciousness, seems beyond question. Through all antiquity not a temple was erected to any god that did not smoke with continual offerings of frankincense and all sweet perfumes. The same feeling, that fragrance was the best and highest of all gifts, extended itself into private life; and if any man would receive a guest with special honor, or testify the utterest grief and love for a departed friend, he lavished upon him the richest spices and the costliest perfumes.

To us in this aspect odors are as nothing. They have sunk, even, almost into a deserved contempt, as the very types of luxury. It is interesting to inquire why this should be. The difference has been ascribed to a greater sensitiveness to odors on the part of the early and Eastern nations, together with the greater abundance of perfumes in the warmer climates they inhabited, and the need they felt for bathing, with subsequent anointing. But we do not think these are the true reasons, though they may have had some share in bringing about the change. To us it appears that a truer and more powerful cause is to be found in the gradual development of music. The ear, in short, has supplanted the nose. It is in sound, and not in scent, that the emotions of the modern world find their expression. Though musical instruments were in use from the earliest periods, the ancients could hardly be said to have had, *in our sense of the word*, any music; and when we consider what that is to us and does for us, we can hardly fail to see that, if our fathers really were of like passions with ourselves, they must have needed something to supply its place. This their use of odors evidently did. They employed them in public places, bestowed them on their friends at their entertainments, made them part of every public ceremonial; all which we do with music. More than one cause, doubtless, has been at work, but the fact of the substitution of sound for odor is manifest, and indeed the change is a natural one; the affinity of the two senses is specially close, and the sweet scents prepared by nature may well have been the forerunners to untutored man of the sweet sounds the cunning brain and fingers of his maturer days should develop for himself. In "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare makes the Duke say of music—

"That strain again; it had a dying fall;
Oh it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

So, again, Lord Bacon, in his essay "Of Gardens," says "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air—*where it comes and goes like the warbling of music*—than in the hand." These two passages alone might suffice to make us feel that in its deeper meaning perfume is one with music.

☞ A jumping match came off at Binghampton on Saturday last, between Ned Searles, of Sing Sing, and Bob Way, of Olean, for $500 a side and the championship of America. There were to be ten trials of a single jump each, spirit level. Searles toed the mark, and, with an easy spring, covered 12 feet 10½ inches. Way then threw himself out, and covered 12 feet 11½ inches. On the third trial, Searles gave a tremendous spring, and cleared 13 feet 3 inches. It is the longest jump on record, and was followed by prolonged cheers.

☞ It is reported of a certain ostentatious lawyer that he is never without at least a dozen cases on hand. It has been ascertained, however, that they consist of a lot of "old book-cases."

DIDN'T COME.

My foolish heart had stood still to listen
The coming footstep; it is not he:
Somebody else—no matter whom, then:
What is his coming, d'ye think, to me?

Yes, the flowers are sweet, I suppose, as ever;
And she is singing a beautiful strain.
Let her squawk. I'm going up to my bed-room—
Tell them I'm suffering from headache again.

Can it be right that the whole of life's beauty
Should shut itself up in one body's head—
That all life's sweetness and all life's music
Should utter itself in one body's tread?

Right or wrong, it is so with a woman—
Always has been, and will be so.
Cover me up, and put out the gas-light:
How would *you* feel if it hadn't been Joe?

M. K. D.

☞ "It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your swateheart is wid ye."

☞ A child in Lima, Ohio, recently died from the effects of Paris green taken from a railroad conductor's check, which she held in her mouth.

☞ The acrobats of every household—the pitcher and tumbler.

☞ A constant current runs through the central portion of the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

☞ A Chicago lady, who didn't like the shape of her nose, has had an elegant one made of India rubber. The only objection is said to be, that she can't turn it up.

☞ A New York State Senator was recently made the victim of a practical joke during a visit to the state prison at Clinton. While passing through the barber-shop he expressed a desire to have his hair cut. The barber, a colored criminal of "two years' standing," pretended that he thought the luckless Senator was a new inmate, and turned him out with the usual crop of the jail-bird.

CARS CHEAPLY HEATED.—Mr. Berchan has earned a brilliant ring from the Empress of Russia, by a device for warming a whole train of railway carriages without expense. Great heat is produced by the friction of the axletrees in the boxes of the wheels of railway carriages. A few disks attached to the axletrees of the carriages by friction with suitable apparatus, generate enough heat to warm all the carriages pleasantly without appreciable cost, an invention as simple and admirable as it is inexpensive.

☞ Once when a bad man died, a savage wit being apprized of the event, observed that the average value of mankind was sensibly raised.

☞ A photographer in Indianapolis exposes delinquent customers by displaying their pictures upside down, and labelled "Not paid for."

☞ A number of children have died quite recently from eating fly paper.

☞ The "dead weight" of a railroad train, in the way of engine, water, cars, etc., is from 1,800 to 1,500 pounds for each passenger, even in a well-filled train; and the great practical problem of the day is how to reduce this enormous amount.

☞ An exchange says: "Wyoming having tried female jurors, now propose to send a woman to Congress. If the woman has done any thing that the laws of Wyoming are not sufficiently stringent properly to punish, send her to Congress by all means—and may God have mercy on her."

☞ What man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get.

☞ The prettier the foot and ankle, the easier it gets up stares.

☞ What Spain is suffering from—an a-King-void.

☞ Kid gloves are promised next season at greatly reduced prices, and are to be worn so high on the arm as he require seven or eight buttons to fasten them.

☞ China has life insurance companies which have been in business for thirty centuries, and its marine risks are said to extend back to Noah's ark.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The sales reach 14000 bbls—including superfine at $5,20@5,62½; extras at $5,75@6,12½; spring wheat extra family at $6,25@7; the latter for choice Minnesota; Pennsylvania do do at $7@7,50; Indiana and Ohio do do within the same range, and fancy lots at $7,87½@8,50, as in quality; 300 bbls Kentucky family at $7,40; 200 bbls red stone at $7,75; and 500 bbls Delaware at $7,50. Rye Flour—100 bbls sold at $6,12½.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales 55,000 bus, mostly new Western red, at $1,41@1,44, including some Pennsylvania do at $1,42@1,45; inferior and fair Delaware do at $1,30@1,36; Indiana white at $1,50; Kentucky do at $1,65; very choice Missouri do at $1,70. Rye—Sales of 1400 bus Western at 90@95c. Corn—Sales of 40,00 bus Pennsylvania yellow at $1,08 down to 95c; Western do at 98c down to 96c; and Western mixed at 93c. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus new Western, at 47@50c; inferior black do at 40@45c; Delaware at 45@50c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $20,75 for old and $20 for new. Mess Beef at $20,00@21 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams sell at $28@40. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 22@24c; sides at 17½@18½c, and shoulders at 15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 19@20c, sides at 16½@16½c, and shoulders in salt at 14c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 16½@17c for steam, and 17½c for kettle rendered, and 400 pkgs Napley's kegs and tin cans at 18½c. Cheese is in limited request at 12@14c. Butter—Bradford county and New York state at 35@38c; glades at 25@30c; Penna packed at 22@25c, and common bakers' at 14@18c. Eggs—Sales at 21@22c.

COTTON—Sales of 680 bales, closing at 19½@19½ for middling upland, and 20@20½c for gulf.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@20 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

FRUIT—Peaches 7@8c for halves, and 18@35c for common pared. Green Peaches at 50c to $1,25 ₱ basket. Dried Blackberries at 10@11c.

IRON—There is very little doing; small sales of No. 1 sold at $38,50, and No. 2 is quoted at $33. Bar Iron is quoted at $85 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Timothy at $4,50@5. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,30 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₱ lb. 175 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6c ₱ lb. 1883 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Fatal to the Teeth

Are all acrid preparations. They may bleach the enamel, but they as surely dissolve and destroy it. The mild, genial balsamic and preservative SOZODONT, impregnated with the Saponin of the famous tropical Soap Tree of Chili, is the only absolutely safe article of its kind in the market, and protects the teeth from all destructive influences, as well as keeps them free from tartar.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy and useful.

Wives and Mothers.

Only woman knows what women endure; and if there be any means of assuaging the distress of body and mind which so many thousands experience, day after day and week after week, with a fortitude which puts to shame the boastful courage of man, who will deny that so great a blessing to the sex should be found in every household.

Millions of men have been benefitted by its use, but among the feeble and sickly of the opposite gender, who, perhaps, need it most, its virtues are not so widely known. This foremost remedy of the age—this specific for every species of debility, general or local, constitutional or casual, is PLANTATION BITTERS. One right of woman, at least, will be conceded—the right to strengthening herself to sustain the ills of which the laws of nature have made her the unfortunate heiress.

The acknowledged healthfulness, unrivalled flavor, delicacy, great convenience, and extraordinary cheapness of SEA MOSS FARINE, will always keep it in the foremost place among articles intended for a table dessert.

Invalids,

Especially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the CONGRESS SPRING, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vt., under the care of DR. S. S. FITCH, of 714 Broadway, New York, one of the best curatives of Throat, Lung, Stomach, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism and Cancers. A cure usually effected in four to sixteen weeks. Climate life-giving, better than Minnesota or Florida. Congress Hall, the excellent hotel, open all the year. Board excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. F. CARLISLE, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vermont. au27-3t

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O' Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES ITCH, TETTER.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES SALT RHEUM.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES ITCHING PILES.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES BARBER'S ITCH.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 120 North 8th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eow1f

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhea, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

What Does Reason Say?

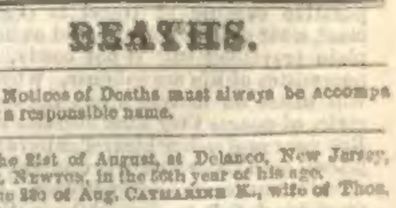
The little mongoose when bitten by a deadly serpent resorts to a certain plant, eats of it, and escapes the effect of the poison. That is instinct. Human beings on the other hand, must depend on reason and experience in selecting the means of protecting health and life against unwholesome influences. Now, what does reason say on this vital subject? Does it not tell us that to invigorate and purify the system is the best way to protect it against the invisible poison which generates disease? Surely it does. The next question is, what guide shall we follow in choosing a medicinal safeguard? Reason replies let your monitor be experience. Well, the experience of eighteen years comprised in one unbroken series of satisfactory testimonials assures us that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS possess strengthening, regulating, and antiseptic properties which are not combined in the same happy proportions in any other preparation extant. This, therefore, is the antidote to which reason bids us resort when our health is imperilled either by the malaria which produces epidemic disorders, or by any other cause, whether inherent and constitutional or connected with our habits, occupations and pursuits.

The venom of a noxious reptile is scarcely more subtle and dangerous than that which lurks in foul air and impure water. To escape the fevers, bilious disorders, disturbances of the bowels, and other serious maladies produced by these insalubrious elements, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach and all the secretive organs should be, so to speak, in a robust condition. Upon the amount of resistance which the vital system can oppose to the deleterious influences that assail it, the safety of the health depends, and it is because the GREAT VEGETABLE INVIGORANT imparts energy and regularity to the most important functions of the body, that it can be recommended and guaranteed as an invaluable preventative medicine. sep2-it

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. HOSMER S. LEACOCK & Co., sep4-1y

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and desiring further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New Haven, London Co., Conn. jy2-2m



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"I am seventy years old, and have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for the last twelve years. My daughter uses a Wilcox & Gibbs machine, but brings me her work after every week's wash to be repaired on the Grover & Baker."—*Mary D. Gibbons, Quincy, Mass.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of Aug., by the Rev. J. M. Hinson, Mr. CHARLES S. SAVIDGE to Miss ELIZA MARVIN, both of this city.

On the 24 of Aug., by the Rev. C. P. Masden, Mr. JOSEPH B. SOLME to Miss SARAH HOMAN, both of this city.

On the 7th of July, by the Rev. Thos. W. Simpers, Mr. JOHN B. WATERFIELD to Miss ANNIE G. LYONS, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. EDWARD BUCKLEY to Mrs. AGNES FIELDER, daughter of Mr. Joshua Martin, both of this city.

On the 15th of Aug., by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. BENJAMIN HEWLINGS to Miss MARIA A. MORTON, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. Jacob Miller, Mr. THEODORE W. HAZARD to Miss ISABELLA THOMPSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of August, at Delanco, New Jersey, DANIEL NEWTON, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 23d of Aug. CATHARINE K., wife of Thos. Ralston.

On the 23d of Aug., HARRISON C. LEWIS, in his 32th year.

On the 23d of Aug., MRS. CATHARINE LAWLER, in her 72d year.

On the 23d of Aug., CHARLES W. DAVIS, aged 21 years.

On the 21st of Aug., JOHN, son of Mary B. and the late John Weild, aged 26 years.

On the 21st of Aug., ELIZABETH ENGLE, in her 66th year.

On the 21st of Aug., MARY C., wife of Edward Mayhew.

On the 20th of Aug., CHARLES SCATTERGOOD, Jr., in his 47th year.

On the 19th of Aug., RICHARD C. WALKER, in his 78th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

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And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $50.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

THE SCORNFUL NOSE.

'Tis very true, oh maiden fair,
You're pleasant to the sight,
With flowing locks of golden hair
And eyes of flashing light.
Upon your cheeks health loves to train
The lily and the rose,
But something makes your beauty vain,
It dwells upon your nose!

Not that the lovely nose could find
Upon a lovelier face,
'Mid all the flower of woman kind,
A more befitting place,
But there's a curl upon its tip,
Half comic, half severe,
In cool collusion with the lip
That savors of a sneer.

So beauty bright, if you would wed,
When lovers come to woo,
Beware the tossing of the head,
The glance that looks askew.
Men ask for love, and not for wit
That scorches where it glows,
'Tis heart, not head, you ought to hit;
Uncurl your scornful nose!

Travelling as a Means of Education.

Simply as a means of culture, we recommend to parents to give their children opportunities of moving about among their countrymen. Fifty dollars expended in judicious travel will give a boy more knowledge of men and the world, more practical information, greater ability to discriminate between realities and shams, whether in men or things, and a profounder insight into the causes of success and failure in life, than twice and thrice that sum spent in ordinary academic or collegiate education. If Chicago is your metropolitan city, let your son or your daughter visit that growing centre of trade and commerce with some friend who will take him to the various points of interest—the Water Works, the Crib, the grain elevators, the watch factory at Elgin, the various manufactories of the city and vicinity—it will give him a greater number of really practical and useful ideas than the whole "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," conned at the fireside of a farm-house. And your daughter—let her mingle with the fashionably-dressed tide that pours down Broadway, or Chestnut street, or State street. If she is a sensible girl, the display of so much millinery, such glittering jewelry, such style, and so much hair and mohair will not blind her to the real womanhood beneath it all. Show her the libraries, the printing houses, the factories; the mint, the art galleries—it will be better than a quarter at the dancing-master's or a session at Madame Francois's finishing-school. There are very many parents in comfortable circumstances who desire to give their children the very best advantages. Let such not overlook the culture which comes alone of looking with one's own eyes on many faces and many phases of life, from the varied scenery, beautiful, picturesque, sublime, from the diversified industry, invention, and achievement which each may find within the limits of his own state, and much more if he embraces within his observations the sisterhood of states. The comparative expense of travel is slight. We must wear clothes and eat food at home. A plain travelling suit is not costly, and the necessities of life are not dear. When people will insist on moving about the country in style, of course they must disburse liberally. But your professional traveller pays no fancy prices, gets the worth of his money, and cuts off all unnecessary expenditures. He dines from his lunch basket while on the route, and lodges plainly, but well, when he stops at night. His object is not to make a display of himself, but to see all that can be seen and learn all that can be known of the country and its institutions that he passes over.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Children should rarely be allowed to drink tea, but should be kept in the lack-tea-al way as long as possible.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path:
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Muscles and Brains.

"Muscular Christianity," as it is called, has of late years become a favorite subject for praise with those who desire to preach popular sermons, deliver popular lectures, and write popular essays. Now, it is pretty generally felt, if not generally expressed, that those preachers, lecturers and writers, whose aim is to be popular, are scarcely sound in doctrine. Moderation is no part of their creed, for it would not serve their purpose. Unless they are extravagant they are nothing, and consequently they have advocated athletic sports, until our ideas of virtue have assimilated to that of the old Romans whose virtue (literally *manliness*—*vir* signifying a man,) consisted chiefly of brute courage. Hence, our students and our young clergymen have been urged to devote themselves to athletic sports, until rowing clubs, base ball clubs walking clubs, and gymnastics in general have become the prominent features of some of our colleges, so much so, that some of those same colleges are more widely known for the rowing matches in which their students have been triumphant, than for the solid character of the literary attainments of their graduates. That a sound mind in a healthy body, is a great blessing, no one will deny; but these clubs to which we refer, are very far from securing this. The effect of the preaching of these advocates of muscularity, is to produce rivalry; success in the contests thus fostered is to be secured only by special and thorough training of the particular muscles brought into play, and the excessive development of any one set of muscles, or organs can never conduce to the general health of the individual. General and moderate exercise is favorable to study, but hard work, and especially hard work employing one set of organs is just the reverse. No truth is more simple and obvious than this, and a very small amount of reflection will serve to make it clear. All the motive power, muscular or mental, that is used in the human body if derived primarily from the stomach, which, by the aid of the other organs, is capable of producing a definite amount of nervous energy, and no more. If this energy is largely devoted to any one set of organs, it is obvious that the other must suffer from not having enough, consequently the man that cultivates his biceps inordinately, must do so at the expense of his brain. In this matter moderation and general cultivation of all the organs of the system, is the thing at which we ought to aim. We cannot expect to develop our muscles at the expense of our brains, or our brains at the expense of our muscles, and remain healthy. Neither can any one set of muscles be developed with impunity at the expense of the others. The student who devotes so much attention to his studies that the stomach fails to secure the supply of nervous energy requisite to enable it to digest the required amount of food, will surely be punished for his indiscretion, by that most dire of tormentors—dyspepsia, while the man who labors hard all day will, when he attempts to study, simply go to sleep. Let a fox hunter, or a farm laborer take up a paper or a book in the evening, and the chances are ten to one that he goes to sleep over it. This has an important bearing on the question of the introduction of the labor system into our colleges; but our views have always been that, if the students are compelled to do an amount of work, sufficient to aid materially in their support, they will fail in their studies; while such a moderate amount of work as will serve for the purpose of practical instruction, will prove an aid rather than a hindrance to study. The difficulty with most advocates of the labor system has been that they based their general rules upon exceptional cases. Some men have been found who could work hard and study hard, but the majority of our students are not so constituted, and with them any excessive work will destroy their ability to study.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Moderate exercise is essential to health and to the development of the brain; and consequently to successful study. Inordinate exercise is subversive of both, and the special development of one set of muscles to the neglect of the others, is equally injurious to bodily and mental health. Pugilists and gymnasts seldom live to old age. If you would do good work, physical or mental, cultivate your powers equally. J. T. R. in *Technologist.*

Why Does Fanning Cool Us?

It at first sight seems strange that the act of propelling a current of warm air against the face should produce a sensation of coolness, and yet, even where the air is at a temperature of 96 degrees in the shade, or even one hundred in the sun, the act of fanning tends to cool us, and if we sit in a strong draft, we may be so chilled that a severe cold will be the result. In most cases, the air is really a little colder than the surface of the person, and a slightly chilling effect is produced by the bringing of fresh particles of this slightly cooler air in contact with the face. But the amount of this effect is too slight to make any marked difference, and the result is evidently due to some other cause. This cause is the evaporation of the perspiration, and the consequent absorption and removal of heat. If we pour a little alcohol—or, still better, a little ether—upon the hand, a sensation of coldness is felt immediately, and the coldness becomes rapidly more intense if we blow upon the liquid, so as to remove the vapor as fast as it is formed. That evaporation produces cold is easily shown. Wrap the bulb of a common thermometer with a single thickness of muslin, and dip the instrument in lukewarm water or, at least in water a good deal warmer than the temperature of the atmosphere at the time of making the experiment. Suppose the temperature in the shade to be 90 degrees, and that the thermometer immersed in the warm water shows 100 degrees. If now the latter be raised into the atmosphere it will sink rapidly until it has attained a temperature considerably below 90 degrees; in a dry day it may fall below 80 degrees. This low temperature arises simply from the fact that the water in passing off into vapor absorbs and carries off a large amount of heat. So powerful is this influence in producing cold that we have seen a thermometer prepared as above described, or as it is called, a wet-bulb thermometer, placed side by side with a thermometer of which the bulb had been kept uncovered, the uncovered bulb being kept in the shade and the wet bulb in the sun, and yet the latter showed the lowest temperature. Now, the rapidity with which the water evaporates depends upon the rapidity with which the air that is saturated with vapor is removed, and its place supplied with fresh air. By fanning ourselves we produce a current of fresh air which, even although it be warmer than our bodies, will cool us by the evaporation that it causes. —*Technologist.*

French and Music.

The education given in schools for girls, in England, has come under the notice of a commission appointed a few years ago by the British Government to inquire into the state of the public schools in that country. Much evidence was obtained, and a valuable report was rendered. This report, so far as relates to girls' schools, has been republished by Miss Beale, the principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, with a preface, giving her own views on the various topics introduced. We can only refer to two of the subjects, the mode of teaching French, and the excessive practice of music.

The opinion is expressed that, on many accounts, French and German should be preferred, in schools for girls, to the classical languages. But the system which prevails, in some schools, of requiring the girls to converse entirely in French, is strongly objected to. The result of it is, according to the evidence reported, that the girls get a bad pronunciation, and a habit of chattering ungrammatical "British French," which makes it difficult for them to learn to speak the language correctly afterwards. There are other ill effects. One of the experienced observers, whose evidence is given, remarks that when this rule is observed, it "puts a check upon free and rational conversation." In schools in which the system prevailed, he had been struck with the manner in which the girls "seemed to jabber rather than converse with one another." All these are such natural results, that one can only wonder that such a method of instruction should be kept up.

As to music, there are many complaints of the waste of time in learning it. One of the witnesses remarks that "girls who have neither ear nor taste are compelled to spend often one hour out of every four devoted to education in torturing pianos, and acquiring a mechanical facility which, in the most favorable cases, enables them to rival a barrel organ." Miss Beale makes some very sensible suggestions on this subject. She observes that the habit of giving so much time to the practice of music tends to defeat the very object in view. It is as though a person who desired to become a good walker did nothing but exercise the legs, letting the rest of the system take care of itself. A pupil who wishes to become a really good musician, playing with intelligence and spirit, must cultivate other faculties at the same time. Miss Beale's experience has taught her that those pupils whose mind and character are kept in a healthy state by the discipline of a well-balanced course of study makes far more progress, even in playing, than those who have not the benefit of this general cultivation.

These suggestions may be of use on this side of the Atlantic. French and music are desirable branches of education in young ladies' seminaries, but they may be made to engross too much attention; and it is certainly a satisfaction to know, through the testimony of competent witnesses, that in some cases both these accomplishments would be better acquired by giving less time to them.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

Many people wonder where the old shoes go to. It is hard for large families to get rid of them. But few are well-informed enough to know that what they send away, as so much trash, often comes back again, in the shape of ornamental or useful articles. An exchange says:

Old shoes are cut up in small pieces, and these are put, for a couple of days, in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed in water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife-handles, and many other articles.

☞ It is said of a distinguished member of the bar, who, at the beginning of his practice, secured the acquaintance of a client for stealing a cow, when told that his kindness could never be repaid, as the defendant was poor, replied, "Oh, I'll let him off easy—I'll take the cow."

FAITHLESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An instant the dainty rose-flushed palm
Fluttered in mine so hard and brown,
A tremor thrilled through her greeting low,
And her golden dark lashes drooped heavily down.

Sighing I took up the cup of the past,
With the pearl of lost love glimmering soft through the wine,
And the lights grew dim and the dancing strain ceased,
The gay figures vanished and left no sign.

In the scented mists of the summer night
With the moon's white banner above us unfurled—
We are once more together alone, she and I,
Unheeding all else in the whole wide world.

Is this the face that I saw in the crowd?
This tear-wet face that looks up to me,
Pale as a nun's in convent place,
With the pain of parting? It cannot be.

I am dreaming, or mad! Those sad, sweet eyes—
Like violets blossoming under snow,
They are tender and true! and her throbbing heart,
Though it broke would be faithful forever, I know.

And yet? and yet? Well! I am a man,
I can hide my wrong till the judgment day.
If I keep my reproaches hushed till then,
I wonder what then will "My Lady" say?

EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

A Mother's Reminiscence.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a bright Spring morning, and my two little children were playing in the garden. They had old knives digging up the earth, and it delighted them to think they were making the garden beds look so trash. Emy went away for a few minutes, and when she came back found little George in her place, and digging most industriously with her tool. She had a hasty, impetuous temper, and could not bear any invasion of her rights, so she ran up with a stormy voice and manner, saying "That's my knife—Georgy musta'n have it!" The little fellow suspended his work and turned round at the noise, and as soon as he understood her wishes, quietly handed her the knife. This prompt surrender of her property ought to have appeased her, but did not at once; the sense of injury was still uppermost, and she continued in an excited voice, "Naughty boy to do so." He stood still and looked at her calmly, gravely—never shall I forget the little fellow's countenance—he was not two years old, just able to trot about, too young to talk, yet there was a quiet superiority in his loving eye, in his brave yet peaceful attitude. There was no strife in his breast: angry words could rouse no discordant feeling where all was harmony. When she called him "Naughty boy!" he went softly up to her, put his little arms round her neck and kissed her. Ah! then she was melted—her spirit was wholly subdued—it was the overcoming power of pure and perfect love moulding all things to its own likeness. She was charmed with her little brother. "Georgy is such a good boy! such a good boy!" she repeated with an enthusiasm of delight. Her heart was wholly won, and ever after I think a kind of reverence mingled with her love for little George.

Darling children! beautiful and happy angels! my own little ones still, though your human beauty be all transfigured into angel glory—in that brighter land to which the loving Father hath borne you, this pure Love that streams across our pathway here with a strange, heavenly radiance, is there the common light of day—the common breath that sustains your being. Unutterable inconceivable blessedness!

"I were mean to weep
That ye have left life's shallows,
And do possess the deep."

Drawing For a Sweetheart.

A certain lady in Kansas city had two lovers. She was good enough and pretty enough to have had twenty, but then one does not get always what they deserve. The attentions of one were charming and agreeable; the attentions of the other were as unattractive and as unsympathetic as those of the first were winning. For months and months the battle had gone evenly on, neither seeming to lose nor to win. Sam R., the accepted one, was poor; George F., the unaccepted one, was rich. There lay the trouble. To get rid of the man with money was to give to Fate the cut direct, and Miss J. was not prepared for that. She did what women ever do when hard pressed; she trusted herself to fortune, upon the principle that fortune always favors the brave and the beautiful.

Both wooers met at Miss J.'s house an evening or two ago, and while she was making her toilet, Sam said to George—

"You are here again?"

"Yes, and I intend to keep coming. If anybody stays away, it won't be me."

"But she can't marry both of us?" said Sam, imperiously.

"Granted; but I will not give her up *first*."

"Nor I; but if you will stand to an agreement, I will offer you one, as follows: Let us take a pack of cards, shuffle them, deal them, and the man who first gets the queen of hearts shall be declared the winner, and the other shall withdraw. Will you agree to this?"

George thought long and earnestly. At last he said—

"I have not been fortunate of late, but I will take this risk just the same. It's a long lane, surely, that has no turning."

The cards were on the centre-table. Sam shuffled, George cut and dealt; half the pack paid out, the lucky card came, and when it fell it was upon Sam's pile. His whole face glowed in the lamp-light.

"I have won," he cried, with enthusiasm, "and she is mine!"

Before George replied, Miss J. entered the room, radiant, innocent, surprised. The two sat later that night than was ever their wont before, but when they did leave the whole story had been told, and George F. came away a sorrowful, yet a resolute man. He had made the agreement, and he would stand to it. Perhaps these facts would never have been known, but Miss J. became so happy over the turn affairs had taken that she purchased an elegant pack of cards, enclosed them in a silver case, and sent them to Sam R. as an offering to the propitiated goddess of love. George heard of it, got mad, and told the whole story.

A Brave Girl.

Our heroine lived in Bartlett, New Hampshire, and was a descendant of the old Crawfords. Her father was a Crawford, and followed the profession of a guide among the mountains. Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home—a dark-eyed, brown-haired girl, of slight but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the care of the household.

One day, late in summer, Mr. Crawford went, with a party of travellers, away to the head waters of one of many mountain streams that empty into Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure-seekers. Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by an open window in the front room, engaged in sewing, a man came up from the road and asked her if she would give him a drink of water. Bessie had seen this man before, and had not liked his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothes indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work, and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room. She did not like this, for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the tin dipper without remark. The man drank, and then set the dipper down upon the table. Then he turned upon the girl, and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said, "I know that you are alone. Show me where the money is! If you don't, I shall kill you, and then hunt it up myself. I'm in earnest, and there ain't no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do you'll feel this knife quick."

Bessie shrank back, and looked into the man's face, and she could see that he meant just what he had said.

"If I show you where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me, honest, and I won't harm you."

"Then come with me. But you will take only the money—you won't take my father's papers?"

"Only the money, girl."

Bessie led the way to a small bed-room on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man, when he saw this, thinking, doubtless, that Crawford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife, and put it into his pocket. The girl opened the drawer, and, quick as thought, she drew forth a large navy revolver—one with which she herself had killed a trapped bear—and cocked it.

"Villain!" she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall and aiming the weapon at his breast, "many a wild beast have I shot with this good pistol, and now I'll shoot you if you do not instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second. Start, or I fire!"

The ruffian could read human looks as well as could the maiden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and in the flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire, as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bed-room—backed into the sitting-room, then leaped from the open window and disappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home; and when she had told her story, search was made for the ruffian. But he was not found. Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

About Marrying Too Young.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "Girls do not reach their maturity until twenty-five, yet at sixteen they are wives and mothers all over the land, robbed of all the rights and freedom of childhood in marriage, crippled in growth and development; the vital forces needed to build up a vigorous and healthy womanhood are sapped and perverted from their legitimate channels in the premature office of re-production. When the body is overtaxed, the mind loses its tone and settles down in a gloomy discontent that enfeebles the whole moral being. The feeble mother brings forth feeble sons, the sad mother those with morbid appetites. The constant demand of stimulants among men is the result of the morbid conditions of their mothers. Healthy, happy, vigorous womanhood would do more for the cause of temperance than any prohibitory or license laws possibly can. When woman, by the observance of the laws of life and health, is restored to her normal condition, maternity will not be a period of weakness, but of added power. With that high preparation of body and soul to which I have referred, men and women of sound mind and body, drawn together by true sentiments of affection, might calculate with certainty on a happy home, with healthy children gathering round their fireside."

The Empress Josephine and her Mother's Ring.

The future Empress Josephine, one of the most amiable and graceful women that ever existed, passed more than a year at Sainte-Pelagie and the Luxembourg. She became the wife of Napoleon I. on the 8th of March, 1796. Their first residence after his promotion to the Consulship was the little Luxembourg. It is related of her, that one morning there was a stronger charm of grace, beauty, and innocent coquetry about her than usual, the object being to induce the First Consul to visit the cell which she had formerly occupied at the Luxembourg. Bonaparte felt no pleasure in the proposal, but, will he, nill he, there was but one thing to be done—obey. When they arrived at the poor chamber, Josephine seemed much affected. She went to a corner, knelt down and endeavored to loosen a flag. "Lend me your sword, my friend," said she to her husband, and with its aid she lifted the little flag. She then began to search in the dust underneath—and the next moment she uttered a cry of joy, and held up a ring toward Napoleon. He was all inquisitiveness about it, and soon learned that it had been given to her by her mother. When she learned that she was to be removed from the prison, she was uncertain whether she was to be executed or not, and so she had buried the dear keepsake, that it might not be profaned by the hands of the executioner.

☞ A little girl looking at a picture of Eve in a Boston gallery, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I should think that woman would be afraid of grasshoppers!"

OUR ANGELS.

BY H. H.

Oh, not with any sound they come, or sign,
Which fleshly ear or eye can recognize;
No curiosity can compass or surprise
The secret of that intercourse divine
Which God permits, ordains, across the line,
The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars.

But they do come and go continually,
Our blessed angels, no less ours than His;
The blessed angels whom we think we miss;
Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And vainly watch, as once in Galilee,
One, weeping, watched in vain,
Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever, in some bitter grief we find,
All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
When suddenly we see, where we were blind;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
Are strong where we were weak—
And no more strive, nor seek—

Then we may know that from the far glad skies,
To note our need the watchful God has bent,
And for our instant help has called and sent,
Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point to us where lies
The path that will be best,
The path of peace and rest.

And when we find on every sky and field,
A sudden, new, and mystic light which fills
Our every sense with speechless joy, and thrills
Us, till we yield ourselves as children yield
Themselves and watch the spells magicians wield,
With tireless, sweet surprise,
And rapture in their eyes—

Then we may know our little ones have run
Away for just one moment, from their play
In heavenly gardens, and in their old way,
Are walking by our side, and one by one,
At all sweet things beneath the earthly sun
Are pointing joyfully,
And calling us to see!

Ah! when we learn the spirit sound and sign,
And instantly our angels recognize,
No weariness can tire, no pain surprise
Our souls rapt in the intercourse divine,
Which God permits, ordains, across the line,
The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars.

—*Hearth and Home.*

The Story of the Sapphire.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

How I came to form an intimate friendship with M. le Comte de Sieyeres it hardly enters into the purpose of this narrative to tell. We Americans are only too fond of boasting about such intimacies, and of minutely narrating every particular respecting their origin and progress. But as the relation I wish to give is merely that of one incident in the eventful life of the count—one, too, in which he was only a spectator, and not an actor—I shall have no occasion to offend the reader by any egotistical details.

When I first made the acquaintance of M. de Sieyeres in the spring of 1865, he was about sixty years of age, though he appeared much older by reason of his infirm health. He suffered terribly at times from some painful and incurable internal malady, which forced him to lead a very quiet and secluded life; the only dissipation which he ever allowed himself being an occasional visit to the opera or the theatre, for he was passionately fond of both musical and dramatic entertainments. He was a handsome, delicate-looking, courteous old gentleman, with an air and a demeanor which always struck me as being anachronisms. Though he was always dressed with great care and in the very latest fashion, I could never look upon the garb of the nineteenth century as suited to him, and always fancied that he should have worn the powder, the point-lace ruffles, the velvet coat and satin inexpressibles of the *ancien regime*. His white, slender hands seemed formed to be half hidden beneath folds of point de Bruxelles or point d'Alencon; his small, shapely foot required the blaze of a diamond buckle on the instep; and his finely-cut features suggested the notion of an unfinished miniature, lacking the snowy cloud of powder which should have hidden the lingering darkness of the still abundant locks.

His abode seemed as little suited to him as his costume. He occupied a suite of rooms on the newly-opened Boulevard Malesherbes—"more central and less costly than the Faubourg St. Germain," he laughingly remarked when I ventured to comment upon the singularity of his choice of residence. But when once the glowing sunshine and showy newness of the street were left behind, a step across the threshold of his rooms swept the modern Paris and the France of to-day out of existence, and bore the visitor back to the bygone days when Robespierres and Bonapartes were as yet unknown. The *salon* was hung with fine old Gobelin tapestry (preserved as if by a miracle when the chateau de Sieyeres had been sacked during the first Revolution), while the ponderous carved chairs, and massive cabinets dark with age, and dim antique mirrors in tarnished gilt frames, revived memories of the magnificent age of Louis Quatorze. The dining-room was paneled with carved oak that had once adorned the chapel of some princely mansion, while the bedchamber beyond, with its draperies of ancient but still brilliant brocade, its pictures by Watteau and Greuze, its toilet-table veiled with lace and fluttering with ribbons, recalled the days of Pompadour and Dubarry—that frivolous, sinful seed-time whose terrible harvest was the Revolution and its sickle the guillotine. The library, however, was the room where the count usually received me. It was the smallest of the suite, and was hung with dark red Utrecht velvet, whose sombre hue showed off to advantage one or two fine statues and several antique busts which stood on pedestals in the spaces between the carved book-cases. Here I spent many a pleasant hour conversing with my astute and accomplished host respecting most of the leading topics of the day, always accepting politics, for upon that subject he was ever extremely reticent. I gathered from his conversation that he was a Legitimist by birth and inclination, but an Orleanist from conviction; and some sly satirical remarks which he occasionally let fall convinced me that he regarded the reigning powers with no favorable eye. But both from temperament and ill-health he was unfitted to take an active part in political life.

The count had never married, and, like most men of cultivated tastes and ample means who are compelled through circumstances to lead lonely lives, he had become a collector—not of books nor pictures, nor yet of autographs, but of antique and historical jewelry. He had some of the finest antique gems, and certainly the most remarkable specimens of ancient Etruscan jewelry, that I have ever seen in private hands. His collection of historical ornaments was nearly as valuable, while it was still more interesting to me from the fact that he knew and delighted to relate the legend attached to each trinket. That diamond buckle had sparkled on the arched instep of Louis XV., yon filagree bracelet had encircled the rounded arm of Madame de Mailly, and Anne of Austria had looped back her abundant tresses with this pearl spray; here was a silver-hilted dagger which had belonged to Marguerite de Valois, and there a jeweled fan which bore on the sticks Madame de Pompadour's initials, formed of tiny diamonds and minute emeralds; Louis XIV. had dipped his fingers into this enameled snuff-box, and Adrienne Lecouvreur had decked her breast with that brooch of rubies and turquoise. One compartment in the case which contained these treasures was entirely devoted to rings, of which the count possessed a great number; among them one set with a forget-me-not of sapphires, a love-token presented by Augustus the Strong to Aurora von Konigsmark; and a plain hoop of gold enameled with ivy-leaves, which had been worn by the saint-like Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. Among these costly relics of departed personages and bygone days, ornaments of modern workmanship were occasionally to be met with, but the count usually passed these over in silence, and if pressed to relate their history would only shake his head and either smile or sigh as the case might be.

One evening, after we had been chatting together on indifferent subjects for some time, M. de Sieyeres unlocked his jewel-cabinet to display to me a seal ring supposed to have once belonged to Henri Quatre, as it bore engraved on the topaz with which it was set the initials H. R., surmounted by a crown. On touching a spring concealed in the gold chasing, the stone rose, revealing a tiny but exquisitely-executed miniature of a fair-faced damsel, the portrait, as the count declared, of that Henriette d'Entraigues who at one time rivaled Gabrielle d'Estrees in the affections of the fickle Henri. After I had duly inspected and admired this new treasure, I continued to investigate the contents of the cabinet, finding ever fresh sources of interest and amusement. At last I took up a ring which I had never before observed. It was of modern workmanship—a good-sized and remarkably fine sapphire of a lustrous deep azure hue in a setting of black enamel, a style in which I had frequently seen diamonds mounted, but never before any other precious stone. Portions of the enamel were cracked, and other portions partly fused, and the whole ornament, apart from the sapphire itself, looked as though it had once been subjected to the action of fire. I examined it for some moments in silence, then turning to the count, who is still busied with his new purchase, I laid it before him.

"Might I, without indiscretion, seek to learn the history attached to this ring?" I asked.

He took it up with a slight but perceptible start. "I did not know that this sapphire was here," he said, after a moment's pause. "Well, I *will* tell you its history. It is a tragic one, but I feel in a gossiping mood to-night, and not ill inclined to wander back amid the scenes and personages of the past. So, if you will pardon in advance any possible prolixity or garrulousness on my part (remember, my friend, that I am an old man), I will recall for your benefit the history of this sapphire ring.

"You know how often I have smiled at the enthusiastic admiration which the charms of our Parisian actresses have aroused in your breast. One evening you go to the Gymnase, and you come to me the next day raving about the piquant loveliness of Celine Montaland, the blonde beauty of Blanche Pierson, the splendid eyes of Madame Pasca, and the virginal charms of Mademoiselle Delaporte. Next you visit La Lyrique, and words fail you wherein to express your admiration for that beauty compounded of snow and moonlight, Christine Nilsson. You might be petrified or frozen by this admiration did you not go on the following evening to La Gaiete, where the faultless forms of Mademoiselles Colombier and Theese claim your attention and call forth your enthusiasm. It is well that in the multitude of counsel there is safety, or I might long ere this have seen you sighing forth your soul at the feet of one of these superb but not unapproachable divinities.'

I only laughed. I was by this time pretty well accustomed to the badinage of my old friend, and it was not the first time that he had rallied me on this subject.

"If *you* had been familiar with our stage some years ago, even so late as 1854, your admiration would have been more intelligible and more excusable. Madame Doche was then in all the brilliancy of those unrivalled charms which combined the threefold lustre of beauty, genius and rare distinction of manners. You saw her, I believe, in *Les Parasites* at the Odeon the other night, and you pronounced her to be the most distinguished-looking woman you had yet seen in Europe, with the one exception of the Empress of Austria. Can you picture to yourself what she must have been years ago, when all Paris was in tears over *La Dame aux Camelias*? Then at the Francais there were Madeleine Brohan, in those days beautiful as a poet's dream, her fascinating sister Augustine; charming Delphine Fix, and Judith of the snowy complexion and velvety black eyes; while imperious and splendid Cruvelli at the opera, lovely Rose Cheri at the Gymnase, and the two goddesses of the dance, Rosati and Cerito, disputed the palm of loveliness elsewhere. Those were the palmy days of our theatres, when Rachel acted and Cruvelli sang and Rosati danced; when a *premiere danseuse* was an artist and ballet-dancing indeed the poetry of motion; and when Madame Allan drew crowds to the Francais to weep over her acting in *La Foie fait Peur*. What replaces these great artists to-day? Instead of Cruvelli we have Sohneider; instead of Rachel, Theresa; instead of Cerito, we have the *corps de ballet* of the *Biche aux Bois;* instead of the elegance, the grace, the genius of Doche, we are called upon to admire the unveiled loveliness of Mademoiselle Colombier in the role of Eve in *Le Paradis Perdu*.

"But I have wandered far from my subject. You know I begged you in advance to excuse my possible garrulousness; so, craving your pardon, I will try to tell my story in a more direct fashion.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen upon the boards of a Parisian theatre was the heroine of my tale. She was a Spanish dancer, Inez Castrejon by name, and she was a member of a troupe imported from Madrid by the management of the Grand Opera. Although she was not one of the leading dancers, her extraordinary beauty and perfect grace, joined to a sort of unsophisticated gayety in her gestures and acting, which was at once novel and attractive, rendered her speedily a universal favorite. Her dancing had all the dash and daring peculiar to her native land, while at the same time it partook of the bounding, artless joyousness of a mirthful child. Her features and form were alike almost faultless, and her great, lustrous black eyes were full of expression. One of her greatest charms was her hair, which, whenever the exigencies of her role permitted, she suffered to fall untressed around her shoulders. It covered her like a royal mantle ('plus longue qu' un manteau de roi,' as Alfred de Musset has it), and it fell far below the border of her ballet dress—such dresses in those days being worn far longer than they are now.

"Notwithstanding her personal loveliness and the perilous nature of her profession, her reputation was spotless. She lived simply and humbly, and even contrived to save something out of her moderate salary, while palaces and parures of diamonds, carriages and cashmere shawls, were proffered for her acceptance in vain. It was said that she was of gypsy blood—a report that was probably true, as after events proved that she possessed the untamed spirit as well as the steadfast chastity of that wild race.

"One evening after the opera, I supped at the Cafe Anglais. There was a large party of us assembled in one of the private cabinets, and I think we had all taken more than was good for us of the celebrated old Chablis for which that establishment is famed. The conversation turned upon the performance we had just witnessed, and several persons present extolled the beauty and modesty of Inez Castrejon. In the midst of this conversation the door opened and gave admittance to one of the most celebrated *lions* of the day—the Vicomte Gaston de Gondrecourt.

"M. de Gondrecourt had at that time the reputation of being the handsomest man in Paris. And so he was—of a romantic, novel-hero sort of beauty, a real Monte Cristo type, with pale, colorless complexion, jet black hair and moustache, and great, dark, sleepy blue eyes. He was very tall and powerfully formed, almost the only large Frenchman I have ever seen who was really handsome; for even in masculine beauty the true French type is more noted for delicacy of outline and finish than for grandeur." (M. de Sieyeres himself was by no means a tall man.) "He was very unpopular with his own sex, though noted for his *bonnes fortunes* with the other; but there was a cold-blooded, Mephistophelian sort of wickedness about his profligacy which repelled many a man whose morals to all outward appearance were no purer than his own.

"He came up to the table at which we were seated. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'when I entered I think you were extolling the virtue of Mademoiselle Castrejon of the Opera.'

"Several voices answered in the affirmative.

"'Well, gentlemen,' he continued, 'I have sworn to succeed where so many have failed, and I have the honor to invite you all to a supper to take place this day next month in my hotel, No. 7 Avenue Montespan, Champs Elysees, at which entertainment the lady in question will preside as hostess.'

"He bowed as he finished speaking, the door closed, and he was gone before any of us could recover from our astonishment.

"Many of the younger men present looked upon the whole affair as a mere theatrical scene and empty boast, but I knew the nature of the man far better. And when the month had nearly expired, I was not surprised to receive a reminder in the shape of a regular invitation for the evening in question. I did not go: I was past the age at which *petits soupers* are an irresistible attraction; and moreover there was a moral repulsion about De Gondrecourt that rendered his society distasteful to me. But I learned afterward from some of my friends that the whole affair was perfectly regal in all its appointments, and that Inez Castrejon, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk covered with delicate Chantilly lace, and blazing with diamonds, though the only female present, performed her duties as hostess with a grace and decorum which left nothing to be desired. 'So another frail bark has gone down in the fatal ocean of Parisian vice,' I thought. And then I troubled myself no more about De Gondrecourt or his affairs.

"After that time the world saw but little of the beautiful Inez. She appeared no more on the stage, and seemed to shrink from public observation; and though she was occasionally to be seen with the vicomte in a box at the Opera or at one of the theatres, she acquired no new celebrity by ostentation or extravagance, and her toilettes and her equipage made no stir in the Bois or at the races. When I learned (as I did later) how cruel was the deception De Gondrecourt had practiced in order to win her, I understood why her life and her manners differed so widely from those of most creatures of the class to which she had fallen. The poor child had been made the victim of a pretended marriage: she thought that she was the Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt, the wife of the man she adored. No wonder that she preserved the modesty of demeanor for which even as an opera dancer she had been noted. I was presented to her one evening in her box at the Gymnase, and I was much struck by her unaffected grace and refinement, and also deeply touched by the passionate devotion for De Gondrecourt which was strikingly manifest in her every glance and gesture.

"'Mon cher,' said Leon de Beaugency to me that evening as we quitted the box, 'our friend Gaston is sowing a tempest whose harvest of whirlwind will speedily ripen. That poor girl believes herself to be his lawful wife. I know something about these Spanish women of gypsy blood, and when she once discovers that she has been betrayed, woe to him or to herself! She loves him madly now, and in proportion to the strength of her passion will be the fury of her indignation and the greatness of her revenge.'

"'And her delusion will not last long, I fancy,' was my reply.

"'Not very long. If she would only make herself notorious in some way by her dress, her diamonds or her diabolical behavior, De Gondrecourt might become proud of her, and might even come to value her as highly as he does his English race-horses, his wonderful Clos Vougeot and Cabinet Johannisberg, or his newly-purchased picture, that Poussin for which he successfully competed with the agents of the government. But she does nothing to feed his vanity or add to his celebrity. She only loves him; and, mark my words, there will be an outbreak between them before long.'

"Months passed on, and De Gondrecourt and his affairs were no longer a theme of conversation in society, when a fresh interest in him was excited by the announcement of his betrothal to one of the reigning belles of the *beau-monde*, the beautiful, wealthy and widowed Princess Olga Vasanoff, a Russian lady whose peculiar personal loveliness and fascinating manners, added to reports respecting her vast wealth, had rendered her one of the greatest social successes of the season. Her salon was always crowded on her reception evenings, and it was hard to catch even a glimpse of her in her box at the Opera, so surrounded was she always by admirers and adorers. She was a frail, delicate-looking blonde, pale, golden-haired and petite in form, with great, dreamy blue eyes and a voice of singular softness and sweetness. She always recalled to me the mist-veiled, shadowy heroines of Ossian. She was in truth a sort of northern Undine, born of the snow-drift, and not of the waves—a Lurlei whose home was the Frozen Ocean, and not the sunny Rhine. This weird and witching being had not only been won by De Gondrecourt, but, what was stranger still, she had succeeded in winning *him*. For the first time in his life the vicomte discovered that he had a heart, which was not till it had irrecoverably passed into the possession of the Princess Olga. He was madly in love, and had she scorned him or lured him into a hopeless and unrequited passion, even justice itself would have been satisfied with the retribution which would then have befallen him. But his good fortune with the fair sex did not desert him even in the dangerous moment of his own surrender, and Madame Vasanoff in the very flush of her victory was forced to declare herself vanquished.

"'And what of the fair Inez?' I asked of Leon de Beaugency one day, when we were discussing the approaching nuptials of De Gondrecourt.

"De Beaugency shrugged his shoulders. 'Gaston does not take me into his confidence,' he replied. 'But I have been told that there was a fearful scene between them when he first informed her of his projected marriage. He offered her anything she might ask in the way of settlements or ready money, but she refused his offers with scorn. It is even said that she forced her way into the presence of the Princess Vasanoff one day when Gaston was visiting her. But the fair Russian knew perfectly well what manner of man her betrothed was, and I doubt if any revelations poor Inez could make, would be of much weight or of great novelty to her.'

"'And what says De Gondrecourt to all this?' I asked.

"'He declares that he will forget that such a creature ever existed, so incensed has he become at her persistent efforts to create an *esclandre*. Some one repeated that speech to her, and she has sworn to make him remember her all the days of his life. Mark me, De Sieyeres, we have not yet seen the end of this affair.'

"But I thought we certainly had when some week later I was present at the gorgeous wedding of the Vicomte de Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. The Madeleine was densely crowded, and I must confess that my eye roved uneasily among the glittering groups in search of the unhappy Inez, so convinced was I that she would seek in some way to interrupt the ceremony. But she was not there, and I drew a sigh of relief when the pale, lovely bride, leaning on her husband's arm, passed out of the portals unmolested and unhindered."

Here M. de Sieyeres rose, and going to his escritoire drew forth a packet of letters, one of which he selected and returned with it to his seat.

"Here," said he, unfolding it as he spoke, "is a letter from my sister, the Baroness de Liancay, written from Vienna a few months after the marriage of De Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. An extract from it will give you some idea of their happiness and their mutual devotion. She writes:—'The season thus far has been unusually gay, and Vienna was never more crowded with strangers than at present. I saw, at the christening of the Archduchess Gisela the other day, your pet aversion, Gaston de Gondrecourt, with his beautiful wife. Report says they are most insanely and unfashionably in love with each other: and certainly they are the most devoted couple I ever saw outside the pages of a moral story-book. It is no small triumph even for the Northern Circe, as Madame Vasanoff used to be called, to have won the heart of such a *roue* as Gaston, or rather to have caused him to find out that he had a heart at all. They have just come from visiting the large estates of the bride in Russia, (she was, as I believe you know, a wealthy heiress when the sickly Prince Vasanoff married her,) and they intend to travel for at least a year, as it will take that time to finish their new hotel on the Rue Bassompierre. I hear it is to be a perfect miracle of splendor and artistic decoration. Fragot and Vivarol are to paint the walls and ceilings, and Lemeur is to superintend the carved work both in wood and marble. It is said that the mantelpieces in the grand salon are to be of malachite, a wedding-gift from the Emperor Alexander, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I asked De Gondrecourt why he did not occupy his hotel on the Champs Elysees, while his new one was being finished, and his reply pleased me greatly. "I could not take *my wife* under that roof," he answered, in a very significant tone. I admired the delicacy of feeling displayed in that answer, and I think you will join with me in agreeing that there is some good still left in the nature of a man who has shown himself capable of loving a pure-minded, high-souled woman as tenderly as De Gondrecourt undoubtedly loves his wife.'

"Nearly a year later, I was in Brussels, whither I had gone to pass a few weeks, the festivities attendant on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to the Archduke Maximilian having rendered the little capital of Belgium unusually gay and attractive. One evening, being wearied of the continued round of balls and fetes, I decided to visit the Opera, being tempted thereto by the announcement of a new ballet entitled *La Reine des Broullards* the heroine of which was to be personated by a new danseuse, Madame Dolores by name, whom rumor declared to be of extraordinary excellence.

"I reached the opera-house rather late, but as a stupid little operetta had been played as *lever de rideau*, I arrived before the commencement of the ballet. I had one of the orchestra stalls on the first row, directly fronting the stage. The house was crowded, and I recognized many acquaintances among the audience, all Paris seemingly having taken wing to Brussels to be present at the bridal fetes of the future empress of Mexico. One of the proscenium boxes was occupied by M. and Madame de Gondrecourt, the latter perfectly dazzling to behold from the splendor of the diamond and opal parure with which she was adorned, and looking as Gretchen might have done when decked with the jewel gifts wherewith Mephistopheles first tempted her. She was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman present, and every opera-glass in the house was levelled at her and her handsome husband, who never left her side. I watched De Gondrecourt narrowly, and as his every look and movement revealed how real and intense was his love for his wife—a love apparently heightened, not impaired, by twelve months of matrimony—a strange, sad feeling of foreboding stole over my spirit, and I looked almost pityingly upon the gay, handsome couple who seemed so enviable in their youth, their beauty, their prosperity, and their evident devotion to each other.

"The curtain rose, a few preliminary scenes passed off without anything to remark, and at last the Queen of the Mist, heralded by a brief expressive strain from the orchestra, bounded upon the stage, and was received by the audience with a stormy burst of applause. Her face and form were almost entirely concealed by a flowing veil of pale gray gauze, but before she had half finished her first pas-seul, I was convinced that Madame Dolores was not unknown to me. With almost breathless anxiety I awaited the moment when she should uncover her face. At last it came: the shrouding veil was cast aside, and I saw that my suspicions were correct, and that Madame Dolores was no other than Inez Castrejon.

"I cast an involuntary glance toward the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts. No trace of emotion was visible on the fair features of the vicomtesse as she leaned back in her chair, calmly drawing her point lace shawl a little closer over her white shoulders, while Gaston leveled his opera-glass at the dancer as coolly as though she had been a total stranger. Yet the changes that were visible in the face and form of the once peerless beauty might have moved even his callous soul to pity and remorse. She was thin almost to emaciation; and though her features preserved their perfect outline and her limbs their faultless symmetry, the brightness, roundness and freshness of youth had departed forever. Her dancing, too, had lost all the bounding animation which had formerly distinguished it, and though her every motion was still graceful and aerial, in her art as well as in her beauty she was but a shadow of her former self. I saw at once that she was aware of the presence of De Gondrecourt and his wife. There was something fearful in the expression that crossed her face, something deadly in the fire that blazed in her great burning eyes; and a premonition of some terrible tragedy which was about to be enacted caused my heart to sink within me. Yet after the first glance at the proscenium box—a glance wherein I read recognition and desperate determination—she looked no more in that direction. But through all the changes of her role her face never lost that look of fatal, terrible resolution—such a look as I have seen Rachel wear in Phedre when the guilty queen comes to denounce Hippolyte.

"I could not divest myself of the idea that some awful event was about to take place. I strove to shake off the impression. I tried to direct my attention to the other actors, the audience, the piece itself, but in vain. I could see nothing but that white, set face, those burning eyes: I could think of nothing but the ghastly energy, the desperate resolution which were painted on that pallid countenance. The showy scenery, the spangled and silk-garbed actors, the brilliant audience, all seemed to me a mockery, and I sat as a spectator at the Coliseum might have done in the awful hush which preceded the entrance of the wild beasts and the Christian captives.

"Yet the ballet progressed smoothly though languidly, the evident preoccupation of the principal danseuse having tended to mar the perfection of the representation. It was with a feeling of relief that I saw the last scene disclosed, and I began to hope that my fears and forebodings had been without any foundation. This last scene represented a wild mountain landscape. A lofty rock towered in the foreground at the side of the stage directly opposite the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts, and I learned from the play-bill that it was upon this peak that La Reine des Brouillards was to make her appearance to denounce her faithless lover, and to summon up the mists which were to surround his path and cause his destruction by concealing from him the abyss into which he was consequently to fall. The hero and his followers made their appearance, went through the usual pantomime expression of distress and dread, a wild wailing strain sounded from the orchestra, and the Queen of the Mist rose up, a splendid but threatening vision, before them.

"Inez was enveloped in a flowing robe and veil of pale gray gauze interwoven with silver—a light but voluminous garb adapted to be worn above the usual ballet costume, and to be easily and quickly cast aside. She wore no rouge, and her pale face and large, dilated eyes looked even more strangely than before when seen under the shadow of that vaporous drapery. Before the hurried, expressive movement played by the orchestra was ended, a sudden crash startled the audience. Inez had pushed away the ladder by which she had reached her lofty elevation, and it had fallen heavily to the floor. Before the last echoes of this sound had died away, another and still more startling one rang through the crowded theatre: it was these words shrieked rather than spoken:

"'Gaston de Gondrecourt! do you think *now* that you will ever forget me?'

"And then I saw Inez gather together the folds of her silver drapery with one hand and thrust them deliberately into the blaze of one of the gas-burners that illumined the side scenes. In an instant the unhappy girl was enveloped in flames. The uproar that ensued was something indescribable. Screams, shrieks, cries of 'Fire! save her!' were intermingled in a wild commotion: many gen-

tlemen (one of whom was myself) sprang upon the stage; ladies fainted or went into violent hysterics; while in the midst of all that awful blazing figure stood out upon its lofty pedestal, erect, silent and perfectly motionless.

"In less time than I have taken to relate the incident the ladder was raised, and one of the actors rushed up it, tearing loose one of the stage carpets with which he enveloped Inez and succeeded in subduing the flames. But during those few instants the fire, fed by her light and combustible raiment, had done its work effectually.

"She was borne to the green-room, and a physician was instantly summoned. But there was nothing to be done—nothing but to cover the poor scarred body tenderly and wait for the end.

"She lived scarcely half an hour after the flames were extinguished. When the brief medical examination was ended she requested that I should be summoned, having apparently recognized me during the performance I came at once, and she whispered to me with a failing voice to take her sapphire ring (which the physician had already removed from her finger) to Gaston de Gondrecourt. 'He gave it to me to recall the hue of his eyes: let him keep it in remembrance of this night,' she murmured. I promised to do her bidding, and she added, 'I think now I have stamped my image on his soul. *I have burnt it in. He will never forget me.*'

"Those were her last words. A few minutes later the sobbing breathing ceased, the moaning lips were still, and Inez Castrejon, slain by her own desperate hand, had ceased to exist.

"And now, my friend, I fear that you will think that I committed a doubly dishonorable action. I never delivered her message to De Gondrecourt, and I kept the ring.

"I set out in search of him the following day. I found that he had taken aparments at the Hotel de l'Europe, and I proceeded thither at once. But on reaching the hotel I found myself face to face with a new horror—another terrible calamity. Madame de Gondrecourt was, as I have before said, of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization, and the fearful scene she had witnessed at the theatre had proved her death-blow. She was taken home in a state of total insensibility: a premature confinement ensued, followed by an attack of prostration from which she never rallied; and not twelve hours after the death of Inez Castrejon the beautiful, brilliant, idolized Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt lay a corpse in the arms of her half-frantic husband. Thus terribly though unwittingly had Gaston's victim avenged herself.

"I could not bring myself to plant another thorn in the already lacerated heart of the wretched De Gondrecourt by delivering to him the ring and the last message from Inez. I sought out her only surviving relative, a little actress in one of the minor theatres of Madrid, and to her I paid the value of the sapphire ring, which thus became my property with her full consent."

"And what became of M. de Gondrecourt?" I asked.

"He entered the army, but resigned when the civil war in America broke out. He joined the Confederates, was made a colonel and finally a general, but after some years of hard fighting, foreseeing probably the failure of the Confederacy, he left the United States and went to Mexico to proffer his services to the Emperor Maximilian. I believe he holds quite an elevated position among the military chieftains of the Imperial army, and he may some day become one of the greatest dignitaries of the new empire."

In the autumn of 1867 I received a letter from M. de Sieyeres (with whom I constantly corresponded), which contained the following paragraph: "Do you remember my sapphire ring, and the history of the danseuse and of Gaston de Gondrecourt? I have just heard of the sad fate of the latter. He refused to quit Mexico with the French troops, preferring to remain and share the fortunes of his ill-fated master. He was captured at Queretaro, and two days after the execution of Maximilian was shot by order of Juarez. His last words, addressed to his executioners, were—'You bring me a boon which for years I have sought in vain—death!'"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Slice of Luck.

A traveller in the south of France was recently going through a forest, when he suddenly met with a dozen, as he thought, suspicious characters. His first thought was to escape; but, to his great astonishment, one of them came forward, and after some general conversation about trees, summarily offered him five hundred Napoleons if he would retire! The traveller said he had no objection, and to his surprise the sum was given him, and he went his way rejoicing. He applied to the authorities, when he discovered that a large sale of forest trees took place that day, to which the local buyers had been bidden, and these men composed a "look-out," that is, had conspired to prevent any one else bidding, in order that they might obtain the timber at a cheap rate. The traveller was supposed by them to be a well-known timber merchant, and to have entered the forest for the purpose of bidding, so he was bought off.

Not a Desirable Grandmother.

A well-known gentleman of this city was a passenger on the cars of the Michigan Southern road a day or two since; and he says that he saw in the morning, between 6 and 8 o'clock, a woman, apparently a lady, punish a handsome lad who was with her four times by severe cuffings, spankings, pinchings, and miscellaneous buffetings dictated by her temper, and apparently without any offence on the part of the lad. The last assault on the boy was made in the seat opposite to that in which our friend was seated. After it was over, said he: "I beg your pardon, madam; but is that your son?" "Sir?" "I ask is that your son?" "No, sir; he is my grandson. (Forty passengers were listening.) I am his grandmother, sir," with a sniff. "Thank you, madam. I am glad to be undeceived. I thought you were his stepmother!" With a snort that told how surely the shaft had hit, she grabbed the child by the hand and hastened to the rear end of the car, where she flogged no more, at least until the end of that journey was reached. A general quiet and agreeable laugh told how well the passengers were pleased.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ Extensive fires in the woods are reported not only from Canada, but from Long Island, New Jersey and this state, and there have been heavy losses in consequence—and any amount of smoky haze in the atmosphere of Philadelphia, and probably further South.

AN ANSWER.

The wind was very sad among the branches,
The moon had hid its light;
I threw my window open to the darkness,
And looked out on the night.

And thought of all the dear old times together—
Days sweet for her sweet sake—
And all I lost in losing her, till, thinking,
My heart seemed like to break.

And O, I said, if I might have some token—
She *is*, and yet is mine—
Though but a wind-tossed leaf, my soul would take it,
And bless it, for the sign.

And lo! a little wind sighed through the branches,
The moon shone on the land,
And cool and moist with the night-dew, a leaflet
Fluttered against my hand!

—*Overland Monthly.*

"Die, Black Fellow! Rise, White Fellow!"

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Some three years ago I was a cadet in the Queensland Mounted Police, which was then, and still is, I believe, composed pretty equally of Europeans and natives. I can't say that it is a pleasant force to be a member of, for a man with any kindly and humane feelings in his breast must utterly condemn and abhor many of the duties that he is called upon to perform. I know that I did, and though not pretending to squeamishness, I quitted the service in consequence.

Not many English readers know that the aboriginals of Queensland are a people very different from the blacks of Victoria and New South Wales. In the latter colonies, scores of years of cruelty and oppression have cowed and tamed down the wild spirits of the natives, and, in many districts, the white man's fire-water and adopted vices have stamped out the race; but in Queensland there are still powerful tribes, and here the lord of the soil, if too hardly dealt with, will, sometimes, lift the spear or hurl the boomerang against his tyrant, and his retaliation is deadly.

The black man's food is the flesh of the kangaroo, the possum, and the wombat, with a small variety of game birds, and the still fewer kinds of fish that inhabit the rivers. These have never been more than enough to supply his wants; but when the white man came he robbed him of *them*. Unmindful of their black brethren, white sportsmen, in idle, reckless wantonness, have cleared whole districts of their indigenous game, and reduced the native population to feed on grubs and gum, or starve. The squatters' thousands of sheep, and hundreds of horned cattle, now graze over the plains where once ran the long-legged emu and bounded the swift kangaroo. And mark the difference. The black *savage* never maltreated the white for destroying those animals and birds whereon he *solely* depended for food—birds and animals which the white man needed not, and only killed for sport; but now if the half-starving black takes one of the white *Christian's* sheep or oxen, which out of his affluence he would never miss, rifle and revolver are frequently brought into requisition, and the poor untutored savage is shot down as though he were a beast of prey. If under these circumstances the tribe retaliate by spearing or waddying the murderer, the police are called out, and as black fellows are so much alike in the eyes of Europeans that they can seldom identify one in particular, troopers ride in among the nearest camp of blacks they come to, shoot three or four haphazard as an example, and the matter is considered as settled, and a due share of justice meted out. Until the year 1864 I never knew a white to be brought to trial in Queensland for the murder of an aboriginal, and far later than that year the police have been in the habit of treating the poor natives in the way that I have described. What wonder that they sometimes take signal vengeance?

At the close of one of those broiling days so common to a Queensland summer, when even a new arrival from Calcutta would imagine that he had merely exchanged Purgatory for the Nethermost, I rode alone across a vast plain, level as the sands of the desert, and covered with a coarse grass that reached almost to my horse's knees. The intense rays of the sun had actually turned this grass into hay whilst it grew, and the hard ground beneath being baked up until it had nearly crumbled into powder, great clouds of dust rolled onwards like the ocean billows before the fierce hot wind, until my horse and myself must have resembled figures of gray granite.

The sun was just setting behind a low range of sand-hills, like a red-hot globe floating in a sea of blood, and the only object that looked cool and refreshing in the landscape was the wooded undulating range of hills towards which I was steering, that rose directly from the dry arid plain, and were clothed to their very summits with dusky-leaved, sombre eucalypti forests.

I had to cross these ranges to get to the little police out-station of Kurrura on the opposite slope before I could get either food or a night's lodging, and as the hills were still at least six miles distant, and twilight is a thing unknown in Queensland, day changing into night within a quarter of an hour, I spurred on my horse to his utmost speed.

An Australian horse will gallop for hours without getting blown or showing any symptoms of fatigue. It is his natural pace, for he seldom knows how to trot or walk, and I have heard many affirm—though I have always taken the statement with a grain of salt—that they have known horses to sleep whilst galloping.

Though my good steed did his best, sunshine had changed into moonlight long before we reached the foot of the range, not that I cared much, for moonlight is a much brighter thing in Australia than it is in England, and for my safety I had little to fear, bushrangers having never disgraced Queensland with their presence, and the blacks never as a rule daring to leave their camp-fires after nightfall for fear that their evil spirit, Wapo, might seize and devour them.

If I was not terrified, however, my good steed was; he stopped suddenly in his gallop by digging his fore-hoofs in the ground and throwing himself back on his haunches, and indulged in a succession of startled snorts, and trembled convulsively.

No sounds broke the stillness of night, save the occasional howl of a solitary warrigal or wild dog, and the hoarse croaking of some vultures that were wheeling about in the air close by. I did not like the look of these abhorrent birds, for their presence at so late an hour betokened the proximity of death—death in revolting and loathsome form. I looked around anxiously, but could distinguish nothing unusual in my surroundings, until my gaze rested upon three tree-branches stuck upright in the earth, and supporting, at a height of about twelve feet from the ground, a roughly-constructed kind of hammock made of wicker-work, above whose sides dried ferns and grass seemed to be sticking out.

This object excited my curiosity, of which I always had rather an inordinate share, and I essayed to spur my horse towards it. Not an inch would he budge in that direction, however, and all his terror seemed to return when I merely headed him that way. I therefore dismounted, secured him by his trail rope and linchpin so that he could not run away, and approached the mysterious hammock on foot.

As I got near I sank into a bog up over my boots, and when I had scrambled through this an immense warrigal sprang up almost from under my feet, and after glaring at me for a moment with his fierce red eyes as though half disposed to do battle, scampered away over the plain. I was now close under the weird structure, and a faint but yet almost overpowering odor assailed my nostrils, almost causing me to vomit. Undeterred by this, I advanced to one of the uprights, and climbing up hand over hand reached the summit, and leaning over peered into the hammock.

As I did so I uttered a cry of horror, for there, uncovered, with his legs drawn up till the knees almost touched the chin, lay a human skeleton. A more frightful object cannot be imagined; masses of long black hair still adhered to the skull, and floated in the wind, a solitary eye glared phosphorescently from its socket; the other had been plucked out by the birds of prey. The chin had dropped, and the black, withered tongue was thrust out between the two rows of white gleaming teeth. On the bones still adhered fragments of flesh, and these, two immense vultures, perfectly unawed by my presence, were tearing savagely away with their hooked beaks.

One glance at this terrible sight was quite enough for me, and I slid down the branch with an alacrity that peeled the skin from my hands. I did not feel the pain in the least, and having gained the ground I ran towards my horse as though the "old gentleman" himself were after me.

I was destined not to reach it, however. I heard a sharp hiss as something flew by my right ear, and saw a long thin spear quivering in the ground before me. "The blacks!" I muttered to myself, and the conviction made me, if possible, increase my speed. Then a whoop, a war-cry, that sounded like the yell of Lucifer's legion, sounded in my ears. "Whirr, whirr, whirr," went the spears, and presently one grazed my shoulder, just at the same moment that a nulla-nulla crashed against the back of my head, and then a million fiery stars seemed to flash before me, and I felt as though I was sinking, sinking, into the earth.

* * * * * * *

When I returned to consciousness I was lying on the ground before a large fire, bound hand and foot, with an agonizing pain in my left shoulder, and a feeling about the back part of my head as though it wasn't all there.

A strange scene was being enacted before me. I was in the midst of a lot of women and old men who were squatted cross-legged on the grass, and making a discordant music with the jawbones of some kind of animal which they hit with little short sticks. They were all naked, men and women alike, and were most of them possessed of fine figures, presenting a great contrast in this respect to the skinny-armed, narrow-chested, hipless, calfless natives of Victoria and New South Wales. My attention was quickly diverted from them, however, to the performance in front of the fire, for there about twenty stalwart male savages were executing a kind of war-dance—whether as a funeral obsequy in honor of the defunct, or as an act of rejoicing on the occasion of my capture, I could not determine. Seen through the hazy smoke of the camp fire, these warriors of the tribe presented a strange and almost unearthly appearance. It is reported of the king's guards in a certain island in the South Pacific that their full dress consisted of a cocked-hat and a pair of spurs; but these fellows outdid them altogether, for though their bodies were painted with alternate stripe of red and blue, their only article of attire was a head-dress of gorgeous feathers.

But what dancers they were! how quick in their movements, how wonderful in their leaps and bounds! Sometimes their motions would have a ludicrous aspect, such as a score of frolicsome gorillas might be supposed to indulge in; but in an instant this would change, the absurd would assume the horrible, the Satanic, and they would bound, and plunge, and leap, and spin, brandishing their weapons all the time, while their eyes glared, their nostrils quivered, and the white foam flew from their mouths like snow-flakes.

They were evidently working themselves up to a pitch of fury for some purpose or other, probably for the murdering, and as likely as not the cooking and eating in addition, of my unfortunate self, for cannibalism is still practised to some extent in Northern Queensland.

Presently the dance was over, and the savages seemed to be holding a kind of council of war. This did not last long, and at its close two young savages advanced towards me and helped me to rise, which doing, I was led into the centre of the conclave.

"Now my time has come," I thought to myself, but determining to lose nothing on the score of politeness, I bowed right and left, and then stood still, calmly awaiting my fate. To my great surprise, instead of shying boomerangs at me, or knocking my brains out with a waddy, one of which modes of death I had fully expected, they all bowed and scraped to me in turn, and then put a spear into my right hand and a nulla-nulla into my left, and whilst I stood in mute wonder and amazement, they joined hands and whirled round and round me in a wild circle, until I began to fancy that I was the hub of a wheel.

When this too was ended, I was reconducted to my seat with great pomp, being now made to recline on a heap of 'possum skins, and the blacks proceeded to dig a number of holes, lighting a fire at the bottom of each. Whilst I was wondering what these were for, other natives appeared bearing wombats and possums, and hind-quarters of kangaroo, and these were thrown unskinned into the different holes, and the earth thereafter lightly cast in on the top. These are the black fellows' ovens, and when the meat was cooked and served up the skin came off readily, and the flesh—that of the kangaroo at least, for I did not taste the 'possum nor wombat—was delicious.

Though my mind was certainly not yet at rest with regard to my own safty, I should thoroughly have enjoyed this repast, had it not been for the officious attention of an old lady of the family, who had been especially placed at my right hand, and whom I therefore imagined to be a personage of some importance. This aboriginal matron persisted in selecting with her fat dumpy fingers the delicate bits of her own food, and thrusting them into my mouth, utterly regardless as to whether it was full at the time or not, and though I dared not reject these tit-bits for fear of giving offence, I swallowed them with anything but a relish.

Directly supper was over, I noticed two blacks busily erecting a "gunyah"—that is, a kind of tent, made with boughs and leaves, which they can do so cleverly as to be nearly windproof. When it was finished I was solemnly conducted towards it; but imagine my horror when, on looking back, I discovered that the old woman who had been sitting next to me the whole evening was waddling in the same direction. Of course there was no door to my leafy abode, so I could not lock her out, but I had to push her gently outside three times before she took the hint and retired.

She then returned to the fire uttering loud lamentations, and the consequence was that several of the men came up to me and commenced an awful jabbering which I did not understand a word of—so I pointed to madame, and spat on the ground, and shook my head, to signify that I did not desire her company.

The black fellows laughed, and led me to an open glade where the rays of the moon shed a light as clear as day. Whilst I wondered what this was for, one of their number led up a young black girl, who was certainly the prettiest native that I had ever seen in my life. She could not have been more than fifteen, with delicately-chiselled features, a tiny little mouth, rows of teeth that flashed like pearls, and great black eyes, soft as those of a gazelle, and as beautiful. A perfect cloud of silken hair floated around her head. She was of beautiful form, a model for the sculptor, and her skin was as smooth and as polished as jet.

The poor little thing crouched before me, looking half-pleased, half-frightened, and then a black fellow gave me a big waddy, and intimated to me that I should knock her down with it.

An aboriginal always wins his bride by felling her to the earth, and then dragging her to his gunyah by the hair of her head. I was evidently expected to observe this form of etiquette, but as I gazed at this little sable edition of the Venus de Medici, I I couldn't for a long time find it in my heart to bring down my great weapon upon her head or across her plump shoulders. I certainly should not have done so had I not noticed gathering clouds on the faces of the men, who at length began to mutter angrily at my delay; so, summoning courage, I gave her a light blow over the back, and she had the sense to fall forward on her face. Then, instead of dragging her along the hard ground, I lifted her in my arms, carried her into my gunyah, and laid her gently on the bed of dried leaves, forthwith sitting down beside her.

Pondering upon the next steps to be taken, I could plainly guess the delusion that the blacks were laboring under. The Australian aboriginal believes that when a black man dies his soul animates the body of a white man—in short, that white manhood is a black man's second existence. Having surprised me descending from the very coffin, as it were, of one of their tribe, they, of course, thought that it was the dead man come to life again with a white body. Doubtless he had been a chief or something of the sort, hence the honors they paid me, and very probably it was his widow who had wanted to share my gunyah.

But how now was I to escape, for I did not want to remain an aboriginal chief all my life, even with such a pretty little princess to share my joys and sorrows. Her great wondering eyes were now wide open, and she began to talk, but, of course, all my efforts to understand her were vain. I merely bent over and soothed her. Poor little thing, she was but a child, and with gentle words I induced her to go to sleep. Then, when I was quite sure that she was in deep slumber, I rose to my feet and looked out.

The camp was as still as death. Doubtless the blacks thought that a man with such a pretty bride did not require watching.

Creeping out of the gunyah I perceived that it stood on the edge of a dense grove of scrub. In a minute I was amongst it. If I could now only regain the spot where I had left my horse I should be safe—but as I was carried to the camp in a state of insensibility, I might, for aught I knew, be miles away from my good steed. Still the wind was a tolerable guide, and the stars a surer one, and so I kept on my course steadily and doggedly.

At last, after an hour's hard walking, I saw the great level plain stretching out before me, and presently caught sight of the strange erection on posts that had attracted my stupid curiosity, and ultimately led to so many adventures. My rout was now clear—and a few minutes later I succeeded in finding my horse, and springing into my saddle was once more a free man; but it was daybreak on the following morning before we had crossed the ranges and reached the little police out-station of Kurrura.

☞ The drollest man on the Pacific slope, Brett Harte, tired of the gold and fame of California, has come to the conclusion that the place for him is New York.

☞ An inebriate in New Orleans was found with his arms locked about a lamp-post, crying "Police!" "What do you want?" demanded the watchman, hurrying up to the place. "Arrest him immediately—he's been picking my pockets." "Why, that's a lamp-post." "What?" "That's a lamp-post you've got hold of." The benzenist straightened himself up with drunken gravity, and contemplated the post with ill-concealed disgust. Evidently no words could convey a correct appreciation of his feelings and turning to the policeman, he said: "Arrest him, anyhow. I don't mind having my pocket picked; but, sir, no lamp-post shall make out it's a man in my presence with impunity."

☞ Sister Irene, of the Foundling Asylum of New York, reports that thus far one thousand and forty babies have been found in the basket crib in the vestibule of that institution. They continue to come in at the rate of about seven daily.

Anecdotes of Dickens.

Dr. Mackenzie's recent work, (published by *T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia*) contains a great deal of very interesting matter relative to Dickens, and is just the book for summer reading. We make the following selections:

NO FEAR OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Dickens often expressed a longing for a sudden death, and he was not the man to assert an opinion for mere word's sake. A friend has told us that walking across Kensington Gardens one day with Dickens, a thunder storm suddenly came. As the rain began to descend, the great novelist proposed shelter beneath the trees. "No," said his heroic but timid friend, "that is too dangerous. Many people have been killed beneath trees from the effects of lightning." "Well," said Dickens, turning and looking earnestly at his friend, "of a lithe fears that harrass a man on God's earth, the fear of sudden death seems to me the most absurd, and why we pray against it in the Litany I cannot make out. A death by lightning most resembles the translation of Enoch." He then quoted the lines from Byron's Corsair, commencing:

Let him who crawls enamored of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed;
While, gasp by gasp, he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.

When Walter Savage Landor was praising Dickens's style and asking him where he got it, he said, "Why, from the New Testament to be sure."

DICKENS AND WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth and Dickens did not *take* to each other. Indeed, there was a mutual contempt between them, though they met only once. This was about the year 1843. Some days after the gentlemen whose guest Wordsworth was, in the surburbs of London asked the poet how he liked the great novelist? Wordsworth had a great contempt for young men, and, after pursing up his lips in a fashion peculiar to him, and swinging one leg over the other, the bare flesh of his ankles appearing over his socks, slowly answered: "Why, I am not much given to turn critic on people I meet; but, as you ask me, I will candidly avow that I thought him a very talkative, vulgar young person—but I dare say he may be very clever. Mind, I don't want to say a word against him, for I have never read a line he has written." Some time after this the same querist guardedly asked Dickens how he liked the Poet Laureate? "Like him! Not at all. He is a dreadful old ass." In short, the two authors did not assimilate at all.

FLASHY TASTE IN DRESS.

Dickens personal taste in dress was always "loud." He loved gay vests, glittering jewelry, showy satin stocks, and everything rather *pronounce* yet no man had a keener or more unsparing critical eye for these vulgarities in others. He once gave to a friend a vest of a most gorgeous shawl-pattern. Soon after, at a party he quizzed his friend unmercifully for his "stunning" vest, although he had on him at that very moment its twin-brother, or sister—whichever sex vests belong to. This inability to turn the bull's eye upon himself, with the same searching fearlessness he did on others, was a defect in his idiosyncrasy: for, despite man's self-love and vanity, there exists in men a *little* self-consciousness. All of us are not blind to our own defects.

PITY FOR THE FALLEN.

Charles Dickens had a peculiar pity for fallen women, and was as tender towards them as his fellow-moralist, Dr. Johnson, always had been—which made a keen judge of human character say that Johnson might be a bear, but all that was rough about him was his skin. Once, in private conversation, during a ramble in the streets, Dickens said that he was sure that God looked leniently upon all vice that proceeded from human tenderness and natural passion.

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT.

Mr. Dickens was not much of a conversationalist, although he told a story well, and with humorous exaggeration. He hated argument—indeed he would not or could not go into it. He used to observe, "No man but a fool was ever talked *out* of his own opinion and *into* your state of mind. Arguments are only cannon-balls fired at a sand bank, or water poured into a sieve—a sheer waste of time and trouble. I won't argue with a man; it is going down on all fours to an obstinate dog. In emphatic cases the only argument is a punch of the head. That's a stunner?"

C. DICKENS AND J. G. LOCKHART.

In general Mr. Dickens was not happy in retort; but on one occasion he decidedly turned the tables on Mr. Lockhart, the editor of the Quarterly Review, in which publication, a short time previous, a very hostile criticism on one of Dickens' works had appeared. It wound up with the flattering prophecy that the author of "Nicholas Nickleby" "had gone up like a rocket, and would come down like its stick." On this particular occasion, Dickens and Lockhart chanced to meet at the Marquis of Northampton's, when some ultra-officious friend insisted on introducing the author to his critic, and as he did so, had the bad taste to mention the offensive prophecy. Dickens, as he cordially grasped Lockhart's hand, said: "Well, Mr. Lockhart, I'll wait till that stick comes down, and when it does," he said with a sly twinkle in his eye, "I'll break it over your shoulders." Lockhart laughed heartily, and they were tolerable friends ever after.

QUARRELLING AND MAKING UP.

Again, when the conversation had turned upon the reconciliation of two friends, who had long been estranged, Dickens said: "Yes, quarreling is very well, but the making up is dreadful. A man who had hanged himself, but who had been cut down and resuscitated, told me he did not suffer half so much in the hanging as he did in being brought back to life."

☞ Lead Poison.—It may be worth mentioning, for the sake of people employed in white lead works, and other occupations which expose them to the same risk, that milk taken as a drink has been found as useful as the diluted sulphuric acid in preventing colic.

☞ "Mamma," said an intelligent little girl, "what is the meaning of a book being published in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means the book will be published in twelve months."

BURIED CITIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The inclosed was inspired by the specimen of "*Buried Cities*," published in your issue of August 6th.

Twelve Buried Cities—evolved from Truths.

Engaged in war, saw ye not soldiers brave,
Mounted on steeds, caparisoned complete,
Not to win fields alone—they'd fight to save
Their lands from Nap lest he their plans defeat?

Washing to-night his hands of any blame,
He meets in council sombre men, nor wise,
Nor will he stop or pause in his great game
Till bathed in blood the land before him lies.

Reason, no better than over-reaching greed
For power, that royalty alone can give,
He, to the Rhine, backs soldiers come with speed,
For *they* must die, that *he* enthroned may live.

BECKY SHARP.

[We see War-saw in the first line, and Naples in the fourth—but must leave it to our readers to puzzle out the other ten.—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ Smucker, in his life of Louis Napoleon, says the first Napoleon lasted seventeen years, the restored Bourbons seventeen years, Louis Philippe seventeen years, and, by inference, Napoleon III., made Emperor in 1853, will "peg out" this present year. But on the theory of chances, after three monarchical eras of just seventeen years, a fourth of the same length becomes an immense improbability. The dice will not throw double sixes *every time*.

☞ Among the killed at the battle of Gravelotte was Prince Salm-Salm, whose military career in our late civil war, and in the war between Maximilian and the republicans in Mexico, will be well remembered on this side of the water. The Prince, though the brother of the head of one of the proudest German families and highly esteemed at home, lived the life of an adventurer and fought under many flags in many lands. He died gallantly at the head of his regiment. He leaves a widow, an American lady of much beauty and high spirit.

☞ The gold notes for the new gold banks are to be printed on yellow paper, so as to give as good a substitute for the real article as circumstances will permit.

☞ CANDIES.—Out of twenty-three specimens of "sweets" lately purchased in London, thirteen on analysis were found to be poisonous, and mostly to contain lead in a most deleterious form.

☞ It is estimated that 150,000 soldiers have already been killed and wounded in the present European war.

☞ A firm in New London, Conn., have received orders to furnish bread for the French.

☞ It is a sweet and pleasant thought that when all these days of pain and sorrow and work are ended—these days of contending and unrest—there will come the folding of hands. It is sweet, when sorrow and weariness are our only companions, to remember that the hour is not far away when the Father will fold the tired hands of His child in His, will seal the aching eye with sleep, and breathe under its trembling lid the sweet dream of heaven. Weary not, nor faint; the Father sees you, and, though you know it not, His hand leads you. A little pain and a little labor He metes you for your good: be patient, and when the night comes He will give you rest.—*Frederic R. Marvin.*

☞ Back-gammon—The Grecian Bend.

☞ Ill-natured people are growing unsuccessful in their efforts to injure. They will have to invent new methods. George Alfred Townsend writes:—"There is no friend to a journalist like an enemy. The meaner the attack the more inscrutably it comes to benefit." William Cobbett once said: "Every mean enemy brings me a new thought, two new friends, and five new subscribers."

☞ Ladies at Saratoga say that if you rub the outside rim of the ear with a little Cologne, or spirits of ammonia, you will keep delightfully cool on the hottest day. This recipe is easily tried.

☞ Never confide in a young maid—new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

☞ A Western paper thus records the demise of a favorite dog, killed by a lightning stroke:

"The bolt it flew and the purp he yowled,
As the lightning pierced his hide;
It sapped his vital energies,
So he flummixed, flicked and died."

☞ I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close:—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by art, by thought, and by just will, an ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, "See what manner of stones are here," but "See what manner of men."—*Ruskin's Oxford Lectures.*

☞ A certain young lady in Paris, who apes the carriage, dresses, house, and style of the nobility, is called the *princesse du sang* (princess of the blood.) The explanation is that her father was a butcher.

☞ A contemporary calls the Woman Suffrage Conventions "curious organizations," because they are officered by an almost uniform list, and the same women do nearly all the talking. It is a few unquiet bees making a great buzzing.

☞ It is comparitively easy tew repent ov the sins that we hav committed, but tew repent ov those which we intend tew commit is asking tew much of enny man now-a-days.

☞ The crops in the South are reported to be unusually good, and the grain crops are very large. In 1869, the Gulf states imported grain from the North at high prices, white corn selling at $1.75 per bushel. This year, dealers are offering to deliver new corn at 85 cents a bushel, and wheat is selling at Atlanta for $1 25 a bushel.

☞ MARKING INK.—It is said that an excellent marking ink for linen, can be prepared by rubbing up equal parts of iron, vitrol, and cinnebar carefully, with linseed oil.

☞ A Hand-to-Mouth Existence—That of a dentist.

☞ The only thing to make one regard Louis Napoleon as a "lion" is the way in which certain writers kick at him now that he is sick.

☞ The work of writing a farce or play by two or three together has never been clearly understood by literary men outside of France. A French paper lets us this week somewhat into the mystery. It says an excited dramatist called upon another dramatist and informed him that he had a splendid idea for a farce, and proposed they should write it together. "What is the idea?" "A heroine with a wooden leg." "Very good; go on." "Go on! but that is for you to do. I have given you my part; you must find the plot and *denouement*."

☞ Chillicothe, Ohio, has an ordinance closing even apothecaries' shops on Sunday, so that the inhabitants must either be taken sick early on Saturday night, or put off their illness till Monday morning.

☞ Is imprisonment for life more merciful than hanging? It is the substitute for death punishment in Sweden, and the malefactor is often sentenced to subsist previously on bread and water for a certain number of days; and as no salt is allowed to be introduced into the bread, this, when taken into the stomach, ferments, and thus acts in a degree as poison, and not unfrequently kills the man. This punishment, if extended to twenty-eight days—the term limited by law—is therefore nearly equivalent to the halter or the block, and much more cruel.

☞ The world may be said to owe the rose, as it is, to the Empress Josephine—probably a greater debt than it will ever acknowledge to the man to whose grand purposes she was sacrificed. From 1805 to 1810, she collected at her favorite residence, Malmaison, the choicest varieties of rose that could be obtained, and thus gave an impulse to its culture. Of roses there were, in 1814, only one hundred and eighty-two varieties, and there are now more than 6,000, the poorest of which are much better than any which existed at that day.

☞ A London editor seems rather surprised to learn from the Louisville Courier that a man named De Bond, who was wounded in the head by a minie bullet in 1864 has lived six years with the ball in his brain. We are not surprised, for we know many instances of men so bullet-headed that if they received a ball in the brain, the only person who would suffer by it would be the surgeon—because when he came to operate he would find it impossible to say which was brain and which was bullet.

☞ That was a fine reply which Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington, made to an invitation to attend the funeral of M. Paradol: "There is no war after death."

☞ "The aphorism, 'Whatever is, is right,' would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong."—*Charles Dickens.*

☞ Ruskin says that it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

☞ A Chicago lady dropped one of her eyebrows in the church pew, and dreadfully frightened a young man sitting next to her, who thought it was his moustache.

☞ An Iowa paper says that a lady living in that state is more advanced in woman's rights than any other woman in the country. She goes regularly to the barber's to get shaved. Can the razor raise her? No! We consider this is rather a relapse towards barber-ism.

☞ A wild cat recently attempted to take a baby out of its cradle in a cabin near Mankato, Minn., but a little black and tan dog attacked and fought it until the mother came in and drove the wild beast out with a brand of fire.

☞ The Chinamen at North Adams are said to be rapidly experiencing religion, whereupon the Chicago Post remarks that "they neglect their *uppers*, but take care of their *souls*."

☞ San Francisco people take issue with the Chinamen on the manner in which they gather blackberries. They pick enough to fill their boots and then pour them into a pail.

☞ Florence Nightingale, although dangerously ill, at Antwerp, writes a letter giving directions for the conduct of army nurses in the present campaign.

☞ An ingenious Englishman has invented a new system of constructing mountain railways, which has recently been put into practice on a road in Hungary. The line requires no permanent way at all. Square bearers of oak, eight inches thick and fourteen broad, are laid on the ground, and only at rare intervals cross-sleepers are used. On the two edges of the bearers are rails only two inches broad, and so thin that they only weigh one pound per foot. The trucks run on a pair of wheels eight inches in diameter. The bodies of the trucks are three times the width of the rails, and placed so low on the wheels that they have just room to move. The cost is about one thousand dollars per mile.

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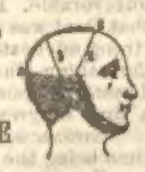

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Literary Editor of the "Philadelphia Press."

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS, by *Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Literary Editor of the "Philadelphia Press."* It contains, beside a full history of his Life, his Uncollected Pieces, in Prose and Verse; Personal Recollections and Anecdotes; his Last Will in Full; as well as Letters from Mr. Dickens to various persons, never before published; and traces the entire career of the great Novelist from the time of his birth and first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870. With a full account of the Funeral Services, and Dean Stanley's Funeral Sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey, on the Sunday following the Funeral. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. It also contains a Portrait of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph for which he sat a few days prior to his death; as well as his Autograph. The whole is issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in Green, Red, or Blue Morocco Cloth, gilt side and back. Price Two Dollars.

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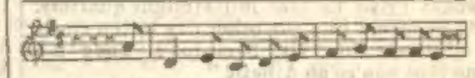

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Tender-hearted Engineer.

These locomotive engineers are a peculiar class of people. Some of them are very superstitious, and feel almost as bad about running over a man and killing him by accident as though they had done it purposely. Others look upon it only as one of the incidents of the profession.

"That is the eighth man I've killed," said Jack Smith, gloomily, after the coroner had "sat" on the victim. Jack was engineer on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, and one of the best that ran into Cleveland some ten years ago.

Hundreds of people made it their habit to walk on the track for a mile or two out, and as there were several tracks with trains passing and repassing constantly, careless or deaf people (and deaf folks always seem to prefer a railroad track to walk on,) in stepping off the track to get out of the way, frequently get right in the way of one approaching unobserved in another direction. In such cases, however careful an engineer may be, he cannot prevent a catastrophe.

"Yes," said Jack, after brooding over it in a very melancholy way, "that's the eighth man I've killed in jes' that way—walking on the other track, and then steppin' aright in front of my locomotive 'thought once seein' me. But this is the wust case of all," continued Jack, producing his pocket-handkerchief and blowing his nose with much feeling, "wust case of all, and I feel dreadful about it." His voice trembled, and a tear trickled down his bronzed cheek.

"How worst of all, Jack?" I inquired.

"Why, you see," said Jack, "he was a big fat man and he mussed my engine all up!"

Wouldn't Be Twitched Up.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Old Town Folks," relates the following anecdote:

You know everybody's religious opinions are a matter of discussion in our neighborhood, and Ezekiel Scranton, a rich farmer who lives up on the hill, enjoys the celebrity of being an Atheist, and rather values himself on the distinction. It takes a man of courage, you know, to live without a God; and Ezekiel gives himself out as a plucky dog, and able to hold the parson at bay. The parson, however, had privately prepared a string of questions which he was quite sure would drive Ezekiel into straight quarters. So he meets him the other day in the store.

"How's this, Mr. Scranton? They tell me that you're an Atheist."

"Well, I guess I be, parson," says Ezekiel, comfortably.

"Well, Ezekiel, let's talk about this. You believe in your own existence, don't you?"

"No, I don't!"

"What! not believe in your own existence?"

"No, I don't." Then, after a moment—"Tell you what, parson, *I ain't a going to be twitched up by none o' your syllogisms.*"

Behind Time.

As Mr. Hardriff was going through the Athenæum, during some exhibition, he was attracted by a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion, and was much struck by it, inquiring of his companion the story of it, about which he had never heard. He was much incensed thereat, and treasured it in his mind.

Going through North street, next day, where the twelve tribes do congregate, he was button-holed and held by a member of them, who importuned him to "come and buy someting."

"What are you?" said Hardriff; "are you a Jew?"

"I am a Ishraelite," was the reply.

"Then take that," giving him at the same time a rap on the nose.

"Vat you do that for?" said Moses, rubbing his proboscis; "I never sold you no clo'es."

"No, but you were one of them that nailed that man to the cross, confound you."

"Me! I no do him; dat was done two tousand years ago."

"Well, I don't care anything about that," said Hardriff; "I never heard of it till yesterday."

A Great Loss.

A few days after Dickens's death an Englishman, deeply grieved at the event, made a sort of pilgrimage to Gads Hill—to the home of the great novelist. He went into the famous Sir John Falstaff inn near at hand, and, in the effusiveness of his honest emotions, he could not avoid taking the country waiter into his confidence. "A great loss this of Mr. Dickens," said the pilgrim. "A great loss to us, sir," replied the waiter, shaking his head; "he had all his ale sent in from this house!" This, we are assured, is a story literally true. One is reminded by force of contrast of the French waiter in the gardens of the Palais Royal, who when a customer on a certain memorable afternoon remarked to him that it was a fine day, sadly replied, "Ah, yes, monsieur, it is a fine day, but—but Mirabeau is dead!"—*Galaxy.*

Unsentimental Women.

The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of women. Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with, "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear; I must mend that hole in it." So, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were rambling about their estate, and came upon some playful lambs frisking in the meadow—"Ah," said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," answered her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."—*Galaxy.*

Answers to Correspondents.

FROM PUNCHINELLO.

Englishman, London.—You have lost your wager. Ohio is not the capital of Indiana.

Antiquary.—"The Last of the Barons" was a term applied to an implement used by the ancient shoemakers. The pedal members of the old English barons were of a peculiar aristocratic conformation, and lasts were made expressly for them. This is a curious fact not generally known.

Ploughboy finds the following remark in Mr. Greeley's thirtieth What, and asks explanation.

"So with regard to Carrots. I have never achieved success in growing these nor Beets."

We infer that the meaning is. With regard to carrots, sow them. "These nor Beets" are probably a new variety. They may have come from Norfolk, but more "presumably they were found in Alaska.

Grammarian.—The expression "We ain't got none" is manifestly incorrect. It has two negatives. "We ain't got any" is by far more elegant.

CASTIGATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

HARDENED YOUNG CULPRIT (to menacing papa).—"Do *you* mean to say you're goin' to vip me, ole boy?"

AT THE WINDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Only to listen—listen and wait
For his low, firm step down the gravel walk;
To hear the click, click of his hand at the gate,
And feel every heart-beat through careless talk.
Ah, love is sweet when life is young!
And life and love are both so long.

Only to watch him about the room,
Lighting it up with his quiet smile,
That seems to lift the world out of gloom,
And bring heaven nearer to me—for a while,
A little while—since love is young,
And life is beautiful as long.

Only to love him—nothing more;
Never a thought of his loving me;
Proud of him, glad in him, though he bore
My heart to shipwreck on this smooth sea.
Love's faith sees only grief, not wrong,
And life is daring when 'tis young.

Ah me! what matter? The world goes round,
And bliss and bale are but outside things;
I never can lose what in him I found,
Though love be sorrow with half-grown wings;
And if love lies when we are young,
Why, life is still not long—not long.

And heaven is kind to the faithful heart;
And if we are patient, and brave, and calm,
Our fruits will last, though our flowers depart;
Some day when I sleep with folded palm,
No longer fair, no longer young,
Life may not seem so bitter long.

* * * * * * *

The tears dried up in her shining eyes,
Her parted lips took a saintly peace;
His shadow across the doorway lies,
Will her doubts gather, darken or cease?
When hearts are pure, and bold, and strong,
True love as life itself is long.

"The God of Our Fathers."

Mr. Max Muller, in his third lecture on the "Science of Religion," (printed recently in Fraser), referring to a former lecture at the Royal Institution, observed: "I wish to call back to your recollection the fact that, exploring together the ancient archives of languages, we found that the highest God had received the same name in the ancient mythology of India, Greece, Italy and Germany, and had retained that name whether worshipped on the Himalayan mountains, or among the oaks of Dodona, on the Capitol, or in the forests of Germany. I pointed out that his name was *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, *Zeus* in Greek, *Jovis* in Latin, *Tis* in German; but I hardly dwelt with sufficient strength on the startling nature of this discovery. These names are not mere names; they are historical facts, aye, facts more immediate, more trustworthy, than many facts of mediæval history. These words are not mere words, but they bring before us, with all the vividness of an event which we witnessed ourselves but yesterday, the ancestors of the whole Aryan race, thousands of years it may be before Homer and the Veda, worshipping an unseen Being, under the self-same name, the best, the most exalted name they could find in their vocabulary—under the name of Light and Sky. And let us not turn away, and say that this was after all but nature-worship and idolatry. No, it was not meant for that, though it may have been degraded into that in later times; *Dyaus* did not mean blue sky, nor was it simply the sky personified; it was meant for something else. We have in the Veda, the invocation *Dyaus pitar*, the Greek, *Zeu pater*, the Latin, *Jupiter;* and that means in all three languages what it meant before the three languages were torn asunder—it means Heaven-Father! These two words are not mere words; they are to my mind the oldest poem, the oldest prayer of mankind—or at least of that pure branch to which we belong—and I am as firmly convinced that this prayer was uttered, that this name was given to the unknown God before Sanskrit was Sanskrit and Greek was Greek, as when I see the Lord's Prayer in the languages of Polynesia and Melanesia, I feel that it was first uttered in the language of Jerusalem. We little thought when we heard for the first time the name of Jupiter, degraded it may be by Homer or Ovid into a scolding husband or a faithless lover, what sacred records lay enshrined in this unholy name. We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the Science of Religion—viz.: that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the East and the West; they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far, as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father, in that form which will endure forever, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Was St. Paul a Bachelor?

It seems to be a pretty general impression, says a recent writer, that Paul was a bachelor, and many ladies of the present day have formed an opinion of him which is decidedly unfavorable. I believe, and purpose to show, that Paul was actually a married man, and a strong advocate of "Woman's Rights." The Corinthian Church had written to him for directions upon the subject of matrimony in a time of great persecution, and, *under the circumstances*, he seems to think that for the time being the unmarried had better remain so. Eusebius, Clement, and other historians, speak of Paul as a married man, and according to the best historical evidence we can get, he was at the time of writing this epistle a *widower*. And thus he remained true to his dead, and admonished other men who had lost their wives to pursue a similar course. Is there anything very objectionable in this advice? If there is a woman in America who is particularly anxious for her husband to marry again after her death, we should like to see her. The apostle's "advice to wives," in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems to be very offensive to some because he admonishes them to *obedience*. Husbands are very fond of quoting it. If there is but one text in the Bible with which they are acquainted, it is that; but do you ever hear the twenty-fifth verse from masculine lips? Listen: "*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it.*" There, gentlemen, is your rule of conduct—don't forget, and, by the way, how do you like it? Where is there a greater love than this? and what an exalted opinion Paul must have had of woman to deem her *worthy* of such affection! Rest assured that obedience will gladly follow a love like that. When men are honest, loyal, and true—when they tenderly love and shield even at the sacrifice of self, then women will "honor and obey," without any objections or regrets.

☞ The Michigan Farmer says the economy of hay caps has been demonstrated at the Michigan Agricultural College farm this season. They are made of cotton, are 4½ feet square. Even when there was no rain it was found that hay cured under them was superior in quality to that exposed to the light and sun. They are also used on wheat.

AGRICULTURAL.

Celery Culture.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

Celery should always be planted on the level surface of the ground; never in a trench, which is the European method, and the one which three out of four of our private gardeners yet practice here. The soil best suited is a deep rich loam; nothing is better than a well drained meadow or bottom land; if black and peaty it will answer quite as well, but it must be free from water. Celery, though it grows in its wild state in wet ditches, is as susceptible to injury from excess of moisture as a cabbage. In new lands broken up from sod, and where the turf is well decomposed, but little manuring is necessary for the first season, as the vegetable fibre remaining in the soil, in most cases, will be sufficient; but on old lands, continued and heavy manuring, not less than fifty (50) tons to the acre, is indispensable.

We now put more labor on this crop than we did a few years ago, and find it more profitable to do so. In former years only that portion required to be blanched for use in fall was "banked up" to the top of the plant with the spade; now we find it pays us to "bank up" all, even if it is not wanted for use until March; only taking care that the "earthing," or "banking up" process, for that wanted last, is delayed as long as possible. That required for use in October is earthed up to the top of the leaves in September; that for November in October; but that for winter and spring use is not earthed to the top of the leaves until November. Thus protected by the earth, we can leave it exposed, as it stands with safety in this section, to the end of November; about that time we take it up and pack it away in the trenches.

Horses in Fly-time.

Horses standing in the stable are often very much tormented by the flies in the hot summer weather. A little care would prevent this, and give rest to the poor animals. We take the following extract from the "New England Farmer":—

I throw open the windows, and hang over them an old piece of carpeting, horse-blanket, or any other cloth that will exclude the light. Keep the stalls dark, but admit light enough before the horse to enable him to see clearly, if possible. In very hot weather, close the doors and windows during the day and open them at night.

In this arrangement, horses will stand just as quietly in their stalls through the hot weather as they do in the winter. They can stand at rest or asleep at will, eat less, and are better able to work than when constantly tormented by flies.

It is a matter of surprise that so many persons—persons who are great lovers of the horse, too—neglect these faithful animals in this particular. They see that they are well fed and groomed; that they are not driven too hard, or suffer from cold, and yet allow them to be *eaten alive* during the heats of summer!

In some neighborhoods the stamping of horses in the stables may be heard all around during all the long summer days. On some farms the noise is as familiar as the cricket's song in an August evening. A radical change in this matter ought to take place everywhere.

When on the road, or on the farm at work, the horse is in a defenceless condition. He is buckled up, strapped up, and hitched up, so that he can scarcely turn right or left to defend himself, and yet very little is done to protect him from the attacks of the flies. In passing through a piece of wood in a hot day, we have seen yellow flies dart upon the horses in a shower, and in many places where they struck a drop of blood would instantly follow. When reined up by the check so that their heads cannot reach the ground, they sometimes drop upon their knees, and plunge the nose into the soft earth, to drive off some insect whose sting or bite becomes unbearable. All this is allowed, when most of it might be prevented by a few yards of the thinnest cotton cloth, or nets, or grass cloths made for the purpose.

If an "ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," we wish the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would urge these considerations upon all owners of horses.

The following formula is given in one of the late Dr. Dadd's books, to protect animals against the torture of flies and insects:—

Walnut leaves, - -	4 ounces.
Lobelia leaves, - -	4 "
Boiling water, - -	1 gallon.

When cool, strain it, and add four ounces of the tincture of aloes, and apply a small quantity to the surface by means of a sponge.

Fertilizers in England.

C. C. Livingston, Esq., of Salina, New York, in an article on English farming, says:—"I spent the winter before last in England, almost entirely among the farmers of Wiltshire, where I took every opportunity to learn their improving mode of agriculture; and I was astonished to find such a large consumption of artificial manures. At almost every railroad depot there was a large store of them; and I venture to say that among the grain farmers not one in ten ventured to farm without them, and the most successful ones were those who had made the largest and most judicious outlay in this direction; and it must be borne in mind that this is done by a class of men who have no interest in the land beyond a very uncertain tenure. It is a well known fact that since the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir R. Peel, when farmers commenced a more general use of these fertilizers, the fertility of the arable land in England has increased full twenty per cent.

Weight of Eggs.

The Poultry Bulletin argues that eggs should be sold by weight rather than by count. And most people will agree that the argument is a good one:

"The custom of selling eggs by count, except for breeding purposes, seems to be entirely unjust. Those of ordinary or barn-yard fowls will average about eight to the pound. In the winter, when eggs are scarce, the retail price for fresh laid ones is usually about sixty cents, and sometimes as high as seventy-five cents per dozen. If we take as the average the weight above named, a dozen would be equal to one and a half pounds, which, at forty cents per pound, gives, as near as may be, the figures at which they would sell if they were counted. Fractions of a pound can be as readily calculated as when meat, cheese, or other commodities, the exact weight needed of which it is almost impossible to determine, are sold. Vegetables are sold by weight in California, why not eggs as well? A reform is needed. Who will inaugurate it?"

To Cover a Steep Bank with Grass.

The following method is recommended by a German horticultural association. For each square rod to be planted, take half a pound of lawn grass, and mix it intimately and thoroughly with about six cubic feet of good dry garden earth and loam. This is placed in a tub and to it liquid manure, diluted with about two-thirds of water, is added and well stirred in so as to bring the whole to the consistency of mortar.

The slope is to be cleaned off and made perfectly smooth and then watered, after which the paste just mentioned is to be applied with a trowel and made as even and thin as possible. Should it crack by exposure to the air, it is to be again watered and smoothed up, day by day, until the grass makes its appearance which will be in from eight to fourteen days, and the whole declivity will soon be covered by a close carpet of green.

Fattening Fowls—How the English do it.

Among the various modes of fattening fowls, none are more highly commended by the English press than that pursued by breeders in that country. It is claimed that their mode is not only the most economical, but proves perfectly successful. Their method is to put the fowls to be fattened into coops, as usual, but where they can get no gravel. Keep corn in their feed-boxes all the time, and also give them corn meal dough, well cooked, once a day. For drink, give them fresh skimmed milk, with a sprinkling of pulverized charcoal in it. Fed in this way, it is said they will fatten nicely in from ten to twelve days. If kept beyond that time, it is customary to furnish them with gravel to prevent them from falling away.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 1, 19, 14, 48, 37, was used in vineyards.
My 4, 21, 10, 28, 47, was used in Jewish offerings.
My 6, 34, 49, 57, 34, was an ancient measure.
My 7, 13, 9, 53, 25, was an an ancient country.
My 10, 51, 44, 33, 3, was a musical instrument.
My 16, 56, 5, 53, 45, was an ancient prophet.
My 23, 8, 47, 39, 55, was an ancient town.
My 30, 2, 19, 31, 49, was an ancient province.
My 29, 21, 49, 58, 37, was an ancient mountain.
My 33, 25, 38, 53, 40, was an ancient officer.
My 36, 41, 30, 21, 18, was an ancient musician.
My 42, 11, 53, 1, 35, was an ancient seaport.
My 46, 35, 17, 50, 22, was an ancient river.
My 52, 27, 20, 46, 55, was an ancient city.
My 56, 46, 5, 54, 2, was an ancient town.
My 59, 3, 6, 15, 43, was an ancient king.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 3, 6, was a general.
My 8, 18, 5, is an insect.
My 10, 12, 15, is a beverage.
My 11, 4, 17, 21, is a body of water.
My 18, 2, 20, 14, is the fermented juice of grapes.
My 19, 7, 9, is a house of entertainment for travellers.
My 22, 26, is a verb.
My 27, 28, 24, 25, is the sensation produced by want of heat.
My 29, 15, 23, 8, 30, is what children appreciate.
My whole was the name and title of a distinguished American. PHILIP.

Metagram.

I am composed of 3 letters, and am a dark color.
Change my first, and I am merriment itself.
Change it again, and I am a weapon.
Change it again, and I am an inhabitant of Europe.
Change it again, and I am a female secluded in a cloister, under religious vows.
Change it again, and I am a word of expression with two meanings.
Change it again, and I am what boys often do.
Change it again, and without me this world would be a dreary and uninhabited waste.
Change it again, and I am a weight.
What am I? PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are gentlemen's love-letters so liable to go astray? Ans.—Because they are always mis-directed.

☞ Why does the fool who never laughs, remind you of the wisest man? Ans.—Because he is a Solemn 'un.

☞ Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Ans.—Because they are always breaking their word.

☞ What is the difference between a donkey and the only empire in South America? Ans.—The one brays well; the other Brazil.

☞ Why should a rooster's feathers always be smooth? Ans.—Because he always has a comb with him.

☞ Why do teetotallers run such a slight risk of drowning? Ans.—Because they are so accustomed to keep their noses above water.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—

"Perish wealth, and power, and pride,
Mortal boons by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,
Constancy's the gift of Heaven."

METAGRAM—Ban, can, Dan, fan, man, nan, pan, ran, tan, van.

RECEIPTS.

COOKING TOMATOES.—The tomato is a vegetable that is difficult to spoil, and it is generally acceptable, even when rudely cooked. It is capable of so much change in the cooking as to afford a pleasing variety. One way of stewing tomatoes is to choose very ripe ones, skin and slice, rejecting any hard parts. Put in a pan with salt, butter, and pepper, and cook very slightly, not more than ten minutes. Another way is to stew the tomatoes until thoroughly soft, rub them through a sieve, and then cook them down to the desired thickness. Butter, salt and pepper are the usual seasoning. Those fond of the flavor of onions will find the addition of chopped onions while cooking to make an excellent variety. Baked tomatoes are fine. Choose large fruit, and cut out a cavity at the stem end; fill this with a mixture of powdered cracker or bread crumbs, butter, salt, or other seasoning, set on a pan and bake until done. If managed carefully, the tomatoes retain their shape. Tomatoes may be broiled; cut them in halves crosswise and put them cut-side down upon a gridiron over the fire. When the cut surface is seared, turned them and put butter, salt, etc., on each, and cook with the skin side down until done.

CURRANT JELLY.—There is probably no jelly that we so seldom see of a fine quality as currant. One difficulty arises from allowing the fruit to become over-ripe. The constituent of the fruit which causes the juice to solidify into a jelly is most abundant as soon as the berries are fairly ripe. If left until later, a long boiling is required, which injures the color and favor. The following process is commended by Mr. Harrison:—"Boil the strained juice in a bright saucepan and skim until no more scum rises; while hot, strain quickly through a fine flannel bag, stir in rapidly one pound of finely sifted white sugar for every pint of juice, and as soon as thoroughly dissolved, pour into cups. When cold, paste on paper covers, and set in a cool, dark, dry place."

TAPIOCA JELLY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, two cups of flour, one of corn starch, one tablespoonful cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in three cakes.